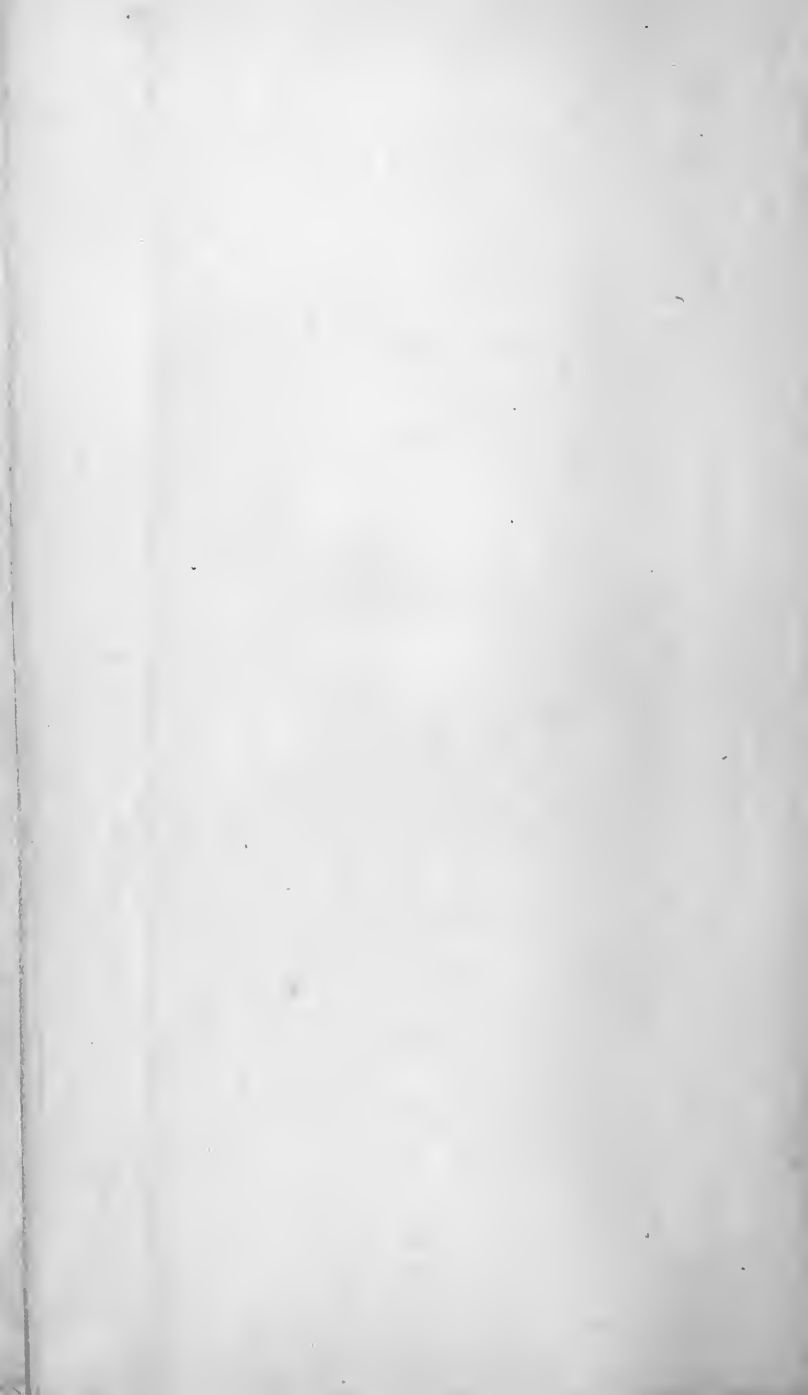
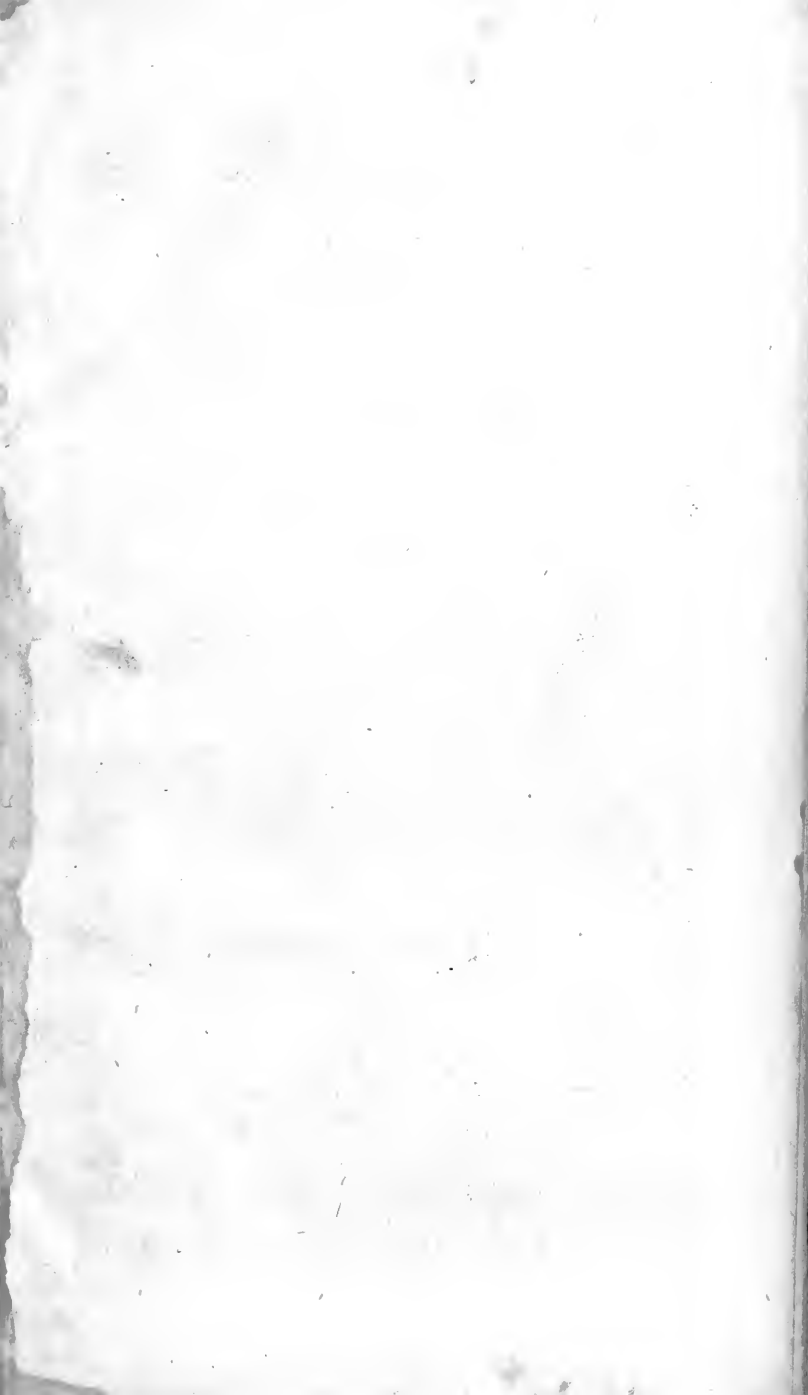


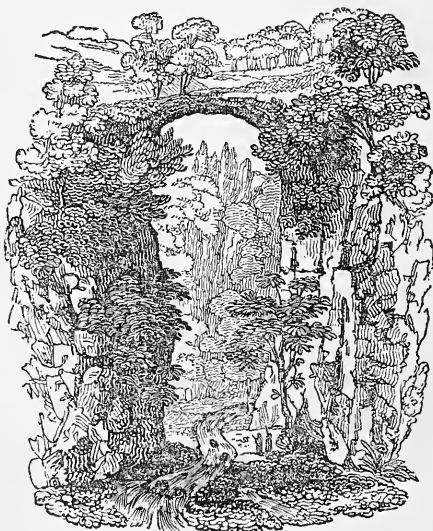
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LETTER XV.



NATURAL BRIDGE.

Rockbridge County, Virginia.

Height, 210 feet.

Span of Arch, 90 feet.

Thickness of Arch, 45 feet.

712. 138
2

LETTERS

DESCRIPTIVE OF

THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS;

THE ROADS LEADING THERETO, AND THE
DOINGS THEREAT.

COLLECTED, CORRECTED, ANNOTATED AND EDITED,

BY PEREGRINE PROLIX.

WITH A MAP OF VIRGINIA.

————— Qui talia legit,
Quid didicit tandem, quid scit, nisi somnia, nugas?
Palingenius.

————— My business in this state,
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna.
Measure for Measure, Act V.

SECOND EDITION,
CONTAINING EIGHT MORE LETTERS.

PHILADELPHIA:

H. S. TANNER—51 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

1837.

712. 138



230
M65

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1835,

BY H. S. TANNER,

In the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

A NEW VIRG

CANALS, ROADS

from place to
STAGE & STATION

Scale of M

10 20 30 40

Explanation.


Canals

D^r Proposed

Rail Roads

D^r Proposed

Leading Roads

The Land distances from Town to Town are noted along the Roads thus  The dots after the Figures indicate the quarters.

Athens

Ches

Gallipolis

Portsmouth

Greensburg

Burlington

Barham

Y
K
C
U
T
N
E
N

Falls

Prestonville

Pikeville

37

Land

Cumber

Cumberland

Gap

T E N N E S S I

STEAM BOAT
ROUTES

Richmond to Norfolk

Warwick

Turkey Creek

Whiskey Ferry

Lappes Island

Harrison Point

Windmill Point

Tree Point

Punching Pole

Jamestown Island

Burrows Bay

Tandrets Steeds

1

17

33

37

39

41

50

59

65

74

87

94

36

5

TO
ISAAC LEA, ESQUIRE,

MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
&c. &c.

The Author

INSCRIBES THIS TRIFLE, AS A MARK OF
ESTEEM AND FRIENDSHIP.

"Quod mihi donas magnum est, sed parvum tibi reddo.

"Do quod adest ; opto quod abest ; tibi dona darentur

"Aurea, sors animo si foret æqua meo."



PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.



THE sale of the first edition of these letters is the apology for the publication of the second ; and the obvious propriety of informing the inquiring reader that he will find something in the second that was not in the first, causeth these few prefatory remarks. A preface is something said before—something proemial ; and may or may not bear some relation to the matters contained in the book to which it is prefatory : the latter kind is the most fashionable, but mine shall be of the former.

No alteration has been made in the first twelve letters, which appeared originally in

the United States Gazette, but I have written eight Additional Letters, in which are described the route to the Springs by the way of Richmond, Lynchburgh, and Lexington ; the Blue Sulphur Springs ; the Natural Bridge ; and the improvements that have been made within two years at the White, Salt, and Red Sulphur, and the Hot Springs.

As invalids have as deep an interest in these matters as any other class of mortals, I have placed in an appendix authentic statements of several interesting cases and cures.

The Table of Contents will be found at the end of the volume.

P. P.

Philadelphia, January, 1837.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.



SOME time in last October, after my return from a somewhat *lengthy* sojourn in that pleasant region of Virginia which containeth the mineral and thermal Springs, I perceived in the United States Gazette, under the editorial head, the following paragraph or annunciation :

“Three of our old friends, full blooded
“Philadelphia cockneys, have lately broken
“loose from their moorings in the comfort-
“able city, and have perpetrated a tour
“through the mountainous parts of Virginia,
“to see the world, and pick up health. They
“have favoured us with several letters de-
“scriptive of their journeyings, which we

“suppose contain some things that may be
“useful to any cockneys who may wish to
“go over the same ground next summer ;
“and also a small modicum of amusement ;
“and though we know that some parts of
“said epistles are a little tedious, yet if they
“were ten times as tedious, we have gene-
“rosity enough to bestow it all upon our
“readers ; and so we give the first of the
“series to day.”

The which notice was accompanied by the first of the following series of letters, which do purport to give some account of said springs and the ways to them and at them.

The letter and its promises did somewhat disturb my equanimity and unsettle my purposes ; the latter of which had in view no less an object than to give to the world a thick folio, a cosmogonical, geological, mineralogical, chemical, geographical, hydrographical, geodesical, geometrical, astronomical, meteorological, agricultural, horticultural, tetrapo-

dological,* ornithological, ichthyological, conchyliological, serpentine, philosophical, populationary, graphical, statistical and historical account of that beautiful and salutiferous region; which I did intend to concoct and construct from twenty foolscap quires of notes, which were written on the very spots to which they do refer.

The contents of said letter embracing many topics on which I should have delighted to dilate, did check and nip in the bud my beneficent intention, and made me resolve to await the appearance of the whole series, before I should dive deep into the bowels of my projected folio, or waste much valuable labour upon subjects which might be made stale and tedious as a twice told tale, by this unknown anticipator. Having waited patiently until at last the last has come, and having found in them some things useful (among many things useless) to spa-hunters and health-seekers at this time of year, and my own folio not being

*Tetrapodology, is the history of four-footed beasts.

so much as begun, I have determined to rescue these letters from the oblivious pages of a diurnal, and to give them to the public in a form convenient to carry and easy to read, illustrated by a Map, whereon are accurately laid down the places and roads whereof the letters do treat.

Courteous reader, here you will find nothing wonderful or astounding ;

*“ Non hic Centauros, non Gorgonas, Harpyiasque,
“ Invenies ; hominem pagina nostra sapit.”*

MARTIAL.

Not Centaurs here, nor monsters out of nature,
Gorgons nor Harpies of a *fossil* age ;
But modern men, half-horse half-alligator,
And *recent* Harpies illustrate our page.

Men and things are the subject-matter ;

*“ Quidquid agunt homines, votum timor, ira, voluptas,
“ Gaudia, discursus, nostri farrago libelli.”*

JUVENAL.

What men enact ; desire, anger, pleasure,
Fear, joys, hurry, and talk without measure.

I have meddled but little with the author's text, except where I have suspected it to have

been corrupted by the wicked printers ; and in a few instances I have introduced some lines making mention of sundry matters useful for travellers to know, that were omitted to be set down in the letters. I have prefixed captions or syllabi to the letters, and a table of contents, to enable the reader to find any particular matter or thing about which he may be curious ; and I have added a few notes intended to elucidate and explain several dark and difficult passages in the text.

The letter writer has given but a superficial view of the region about which he treats, and has left undescribed many things interesting to one like myself, who delight in poring over matters *usque ad stuporem* ; yet the things he has described are those most interesting to the majority of travellers who skim the surface with a rapidity which does not permit them to penetrate the substance.

I cannot close these few prefatory observations without expressing my thanks to the worthy publisher of this little book, for the white

paper and readable type he has bestowed upon it, and particularly for the valuable Map which he has prefixed to it, on which are accurately set down certain pleasant places not to be found on any other Map.

P. P.

Philadelphia, January, 1834.

LETTERS

OF A

TRAVELLER IN VIRGINIA.

LETTER I.

Route from Philadelphia to Charlottesville—Steam boat
—Extract of Tobacco—Baltimore—Washington—
Fredericksburgh—Orange Court House—Charlottes-
ville—University—Stage Coach difficulties.

I LEFT Philadelphia on the 13th August, 1834, in company with two friends, to perform a tour of six or seven weeks in the mountains of Virginia. We left Chestnut street wharf at six A. M., in the Robert Morris, an excellent boat, no doubt as good as that of any other line. We vapoured across the Peninsula in an hour, and were paddled down the Chesapeake in the

Carroll of Carrollton, a spacious, rapid, and very clean boat. An excellent practice obtains in this boat: one or two servants are constantly employed in wiping up the extract of tobacco, with which our southern friends are wont to describe parabolic curves in every direction; touching which singular custom, the refined Trollope has some pertinent remarks. This is done by the servant with a view of keeping the skirts of the ladies clear of this great offence; and—‘*ne quid nigh Miss,*’ as Terence hath it.

We were detained half an hour near the mouth of the Patapsco, by putting some passengers and baggage on board the Norfolk boat. When the boats approached each other, the effect of their mutual attraction was evident.

We arrived at Baltimore at 3½ p. m., and sept from the steamboat into the coach for Washington, where we arrived at 9½ p. m. The road is very bad, and will grow worse, and is expected to become impassible just as

the Baltimore and Washington Rail-road* becomes ripe for use. Thus we Americans make the two ends meet.

We went to Fuller's, where every thing was good except the weather, which was altogether too hot for comfort. I take this opportunity of hinting to friend Fuller, that it is a bad plan in very hot weather to set out a dinner for three, on that end of his long dining table which is immediately over his furnace. We made an attempt to reach the happy spot, but the heat drove us to take refuge in private apartments, where we had an excellent dinner at greater cost.

As I intend these letters to be useful as well as agreeable, I shall here set down a few items of route information. You can go to the Virginia Springs, by Fredericksburgh or Richmond; but, when you have come to Washington, the former is the best route; the latter I think preferable for those who do

* The Rail Road is now in use and the distance is performed in two hours and a half. 1837.

not wish to visit Washington, and who can transfer themselves to the Norfolk boat near the mouth of the Patapsco, and be in Richmond the following evening.

To go by Fredericksburgh, you leave your hotel in Washington, at 6 A. M. in an omnibus, to which you pay half a dollar for carrying you and your baggage, to a very good steamboat, in which you do not get as good a breakfast as Robert used to give us in the Trenton. I advise the Captain of that same boat (who is quite a clever fellow) always hereafter to have two or three kinds of corn bread on his table; for when Hyperboreans go to the South, they look for the good things of the South, and are by no means to be fobbed off with abominable imitations of buckwheat cakes, which can *not* be made good any where but in Philadelphia.

You go down the grand Potomac about fifty-five miles, passing Mount Vernon and one of Uncle Sam's old Forts, to Potomac Creek, where you take coaches and ride nine

hilly miles to Fredericksburgh, the view of which, with its river and valley, is exceedingly beautiful as you descend from the hills, a mile from the town.

Here you dine ; *pas grande chose* ; and at 3 P. M. take coach for Orange Court House, a distance of thirty-six miles, over a stone turnpike in bad repair and rough, but not dangerous. You sleep at Orange Court House, having arrived at half past 9 P. M., if you *can* sleep in cotton sheets on a feather bed in hot weather. You get a very good supper about seven miles east of Orange C. H. at about seven o'clock.

When you have got about half through your first nap, Cuffee knocks at your door, bearing in his hand a dipt and flaming minister, as unwelcome as Othello. He announces that the coach is almost ready, which is corroborated by the driver's sounding horn. It is two hours before sunrise, and you have to ride three hours before breakfast ; the road is not bad, but the breakfast is.

At 11 A. M. you arrive at Charlottesville, passing under the brow of Monticello ; and near which is Mr. Jefferson's great University, which has met with some success since that great man's death.

The University buildings are many, various in architecture, and handsomely arranged on three sides of a grassy parallelogram ; at the upper end of which stands a large Rotunda, containing Lecture-rooms, and a large and commodious Library, well furnished with books. It requires a sojourn of one day at Charlottesville to enable the traveller to see the University buildings, which are one mile from the town.

The line of coaches in which you have come, intersects another line at Charlottesville, in which you are to continue your journey through Staunton to the Springs, and in which you have a preference over the Charlottesvilleans ; but if you remain a day, you become as a Charlottesvillean and lose your preference ; and some unhappy people have

been detained here a week, when they very innocently intended to remain only one day. At Charlottesville you are almost sure to get into a crowded coach, but fortunately the road to Staunton is very good, and affords some magnificent mountain and valley views. Our Virginia friends are sound economists, and follow Adam Smith's principle of keeping the market rather understocked in the commodity of stage coaches.

I shall continue the account of our journey in another letter.

LETTER II.

Stage Coach Civility—Mountain Roads—Blue Ridge—
Rock Fish Gap—Tuckahoes and Quo'hees—Fried
Chickens—Staunton—Weyer's Cave—Frazier's—
Clover Dale—Warm Spring Mountain—Pass—Hotel
—Table Etiquette—Cabins—Bath—Mode of Bath-
ing.

WE left Charlottesville, at M. in a coach with nine passengers ; and when we were just about starting, the coach-agent, bringing to the coach door a decent looking country girl, made the following apostrophe—‘ will no gentleman have the politeness to ride outside, to make room for this young lady !’ three voices instantly answered, I will ; the sounds having proceeded from an Irishman, just arrived in the country, a Philadelphian and a Virginian.

The Philadelphian suited the action to the word, and without more ado vacated his seat. I mention this to show, that in this country civilization has invaded even the stage coaches.

The road from Charlottesville to Staunton is here called a turnpike, and is made by cutting to a depth of three or four feet into the side of the mountain, and throwing the earth so as to produce a level. A road made in this way, is very good in summer. In some places, to the inexperienced, it has an awfully dangerous appearance, running up the side of a steep mountain, and having no parapet wall. The safety, however, lies in the horses, who cannot by any means be persuaded to run off the road. The coaches, horses and drivers are good, and the latter take the precaution of locking one of the hind wheels, in going down steep or long hills. With the wheel locked, they drive down very fast. Before you reach Staunton, the Blue Ridge is crossed, through Rock-fish Gap, which affords splendid views of the great valley. This ridge divides the

Ancient Dominion into two nations, called Tuckahoes and Quo'hees ; the former inhabiting the lowland, and living '*more majorum* ;' the latter occupying the mountains and elevated valleys, and having somewhat sophisticated the liberal and comfortable ways of old Virginia, by introducing outlandish customs from Pennsylvania and other foreign countries. We dined somewhere, I forget where, and arrived at Staunton, at 7 p. m. I advise every traveller, who comes from the northern side of Mason & Dixon's line, to eat fried chickens, whenever he meets with them in Virginia.

Twelve miles from Staunton is Weyer's Cave, which those can spend a day in visiting, who are fond of scrambling over rocks and stones, for an extent of three miles underground, at the risk of being detained several days in Staunton, by losing their preference in the coach. It is a magnificent cave and well worth a visit.

As soon as our coach stopped at the tavern,

I jumped out and engaged single-rooms, and seats for the next day, for the Warm Springs. The house is good, both for supper and lodgings.

At 4 A. M. the next morning, we were repacked in the coach, with nine insides, to travel fifty-two miles to the Warm Springs. In three hours, we reached Frazier's, a distance of fourteen miles, where they detained us an hour and a quarter, to give us a tolerable breakfast.

In nineteen miles more, we reached Cloverdale, where we obtained a good dinner; whence we started at 2 P. M. and reached the Warm Springs, at 7 P. M. The road* from Staunton to the Warm Springs, is in progress, and will be finished by next summer. But little of it is bad, and the portions leading over the two mountains are excellent.

The road over the Warm Springs mountain, is very skilfully graded, and leads you to a fearful height by a very easy ascent; now

*This turnpike (so called) has since been finished.

winding its slow length up one side of a deep ravine, now up the other ; now turning short round the projecting angle of a mountain spur, now leading through the gap which forms the mountain pass. As you approach the Pass, the view towards the east is extensive and grand. In the Pass is a small farm house, where you can get a draught of good water, and you will certainly be tired and thirsty. Passing on a few yards, you suddenly behold lying at your feet, the Hotel and cabins of the Warm Springs ; that celebrated and inevitable spot which is the beginning and the end, the Ay and Izzard of a tour to the Virginia Springs. It reposes in an elevated valley, at the western foot of the mountain, and is about three-quarters of a mile from the pass. The descent is not steep, but has, in its course, several very acute angles, which the coach describes with fearful rapidity ; but fortunately the traveller's sense of danger has worn away before he has reached this descent.

The Warm Springs' Hotel, which is under the management of Mr. Fry, a very worthy and obliging person, is a two-storied brick building, about one hundred feet in front, immediately on the road, and having a spacious piazza extending along its whole front ; and possessing a room for dancing, and a common parlor. There is a large and airy eating-room, in which, thrice a day, is spread a table amply supplied with a variety of good things. Each plate has a card near it, bearing the name of the person who has the right to use it ; a custom which prevails at all the Virginia Springs, and which cannot be too much commended. After the meal is over, the cards are taken up in their order, and replaced in the same way at the next meal ; the cards of the departed being withdrawn, and their places being filled by promoting the next in order ; the last comers always beginning at the foot of the table. It is easy to see that this system must effectually prevent confusion, and disputation about seats.

Besides the large house, there are five or six rows of huts, (*Virginice* cabins) some built of logs and mud, and some of brick and mortar. Most of them contain two small rooms, in one of which is generally a fire place.

When we arrived, the establishment was rather full, and Mr. Fry stowed one of us in a small room in the Hotel, and the other two in the most ancient log cabin on the premises, consoling us by the observation that Mr. Jefferson had formerly spent three weeks in the self-same mud edifice; at the same time hinting (which was the most solid part of the consolation) that the next day he could translate us into a better residence.

The place derives its name from an abundant Spring of limpid water, containing a small quantity of sulphuretted hydrogen, and emitting bubbles of nitrogen, which flows through an octagonal bath, thirty-eight feet in diameter, having the sides of stone masonry, and the bottom of large loose rounded pebbles.

It is covered with a wooden building,* having a large opening in the middle of the roof to admit air and light. The water in the bath always exhibits a temperature of ninety-six degrees, according to the scale of Fahrenheit, and is so pellucid, that you scarcely see it upon first entering the bath house. There is a small room at each side of the bath with a little fire, to undress and redress by. There are stone steps leading from these rooms to the bottom of the bath ; but by far the best way, is to plunge in head foremost, as you are then instantly transferred to the comfortable element, and are out of your pains in a moment, as the boys say.

The water is five feet deep for the gentlemen, and four for the ladies. The two sexes bathe alternately ; spaces of two hours each being allotted, from 6 A. M. to 10 P. M. You may take three baths a day without injury. To bathe comfortably, you should have a large

* The covering has since been rebuilt, with various improvements.

cotton morning gown of a cashmere shawl pattern lined with crimson, a fancy Greek cap, Turkish slippers, and a pair of loose pantaloons; a garb that will not consume much time in doffing and donning. Stay in the bath fifteen minutes, using very little exercise whilst in the water. As soon as you come out, hurry to your cabin, wrap yourself in a dry night gown, go to bed, cover up warm, go to sleep, get into a fine perspiration, grow cool by degrees, wake up in half an hour, dress and go to dinner with what appetite you have.

This process, except the dinner, may be repeated twice a day with great profit and pleasure; and on one occasion, breakfast or supper can take the place of dinner. At this comfortable, well kept and agreeable establishment, the charge is eight dollars per week, or one and half per diem; and half price for servants and horses. If you want fire in your room you have it for asking; and in truth every effort is used to give comfort and satisfaction to the visitors.

L E T T E R I I I .

Amusements—Route to the White Sulphur—Shumate's—Callaghan's—White Sulphur—Qualities of the Water—Dining-room, Stables, Cabin, &c.—Accommodations, Table, Company—Customs and manner of Living.

THE means of amusement at the Warm Springs, consist of a bagatelle table entirely used up, a ten-pin alley with three wooden balls of different sizes, not round; and the Warm Spring Mountain to walk or ride up and down. Every visiter should ascend to the top of the mountain, which can be reached in half an hour on horseback; and whence may be seen a sublime mountain-view, consisting of parrallel mountain ridges, one be-

yond the other as far as the eye can reach, like a dark green sea of giant billows, instantly stricken solid by nature's magic wand.

The coach for the White Sulphur Springs being engaged for many days beforehand, we were in danger of remaining at the Warm Springs longer than we wished. Fortunately however for us, an ancient hack came with two gentlemen from Staunton, and just as old Henry was starting to return to his master, we fell in with him, and engaged him to carry us to the White Sulphur. We left the Warm Springs at 3½ P. M. on the 19th of August, and crept along to Shumate's, a tavern at fourteen miles distance, where we supped and slept. It began to rain just after our arrival, and rained all night and all the following morning. We were in motion again before sunrise the next morning, and all got wet, because the respectable old vehicle was not water tight. We breakfasted at Callaghan's, so called from a merry Irishman who former-

ly lived there ; but now the house is very well kept by an English family, named Plum.

We arrived at the White Sulphur at 1½ P. M. and found it overflowing with company, humming like a bee hive. This is the great lion of the Virginia mountains, and like the worshippers of Juggernaut, the votaries of pleasure are willing to be crushed to death, to obtain a chance of laying their offerings on the shrine that fashion has set up in this happy valley.

The water has the pleasant flavour of a half-boiled, half-spoiled egg, is very clear and not cold enough to please the taste of a Philadelphia cockney. The spring is covered with a handsome dome, supported on columns, and is contained in an octagonal marble case, about seven feet long, five feet wide, and four and a half feet deep, the bottom being formed of the rock from which the water gushes. It is very beautiful and tempting, and cures the following diseases, according to popular belief—Yellow Jaundice, White Swelling, Blue

Devils and Black Plague ; Scarlet Fever, Yellow Fever, Spotted Fever, and fever of every kind and colour ; Hydrocephalus, Hydrothorax, Hydrocele and Hydrophobia ; Hypochondria and Hypocrisy ; Despepsia ; Diarrhœa, Diabetes, and die-of-any-thing ; Gout, Gormandising and Grogging ; Liver Complaint, Colic, Stone, Gravel and all other, diseases and bad habits, except chewing, smoking, spitting, and swearing.

My own private opinion is, that the White Sulphur water, is an excellent alterative, and combined with the exercise necessary to reach it, the pure mountain air and agreeable society found in these elevated regions, performs wonderful cures in many chronic complaints not removable by medicine swallowed at home.

It contains sulphuretted hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen ; sulphate, carbonate and muriate of lime, sulphate of magnesia, and a very strong infusion of fashion. The latter being an animal substance, its quantity cannot be

precisely ascertained ; it is supposed, however, to be gradually increasing, and no doubt contributes greatly to the efficacy of the water. When submitted to the ordeal of analysis, it vanishes in smoke.

This celebrated spring, bursts forth in an elevated valley, situated on the western side of the main Allegheny ridge, and its precious waters flow towards the gulf of Mexico ; whilst the sweet spring, distant only eight miles in a direct line, sends its abundant stream towards the Atlantic Ocean.

Like that of Rasselas, this valley seems to be surrounded by insuperable hills ; but at both extremities are passes wide enough to admit the entrance and exit of one of the tributaries of the Green Brier ; along whose banks and through whose rocky bed passes by turns the great mail route from Washington to Guyan-dotte.

The middle of the valley where the buildings stand, is cleared of forest ; care having been taken to leave a few noble trees for orna-

ment and shade. The buildings consist of a frame dining room about 120 feet long ; with which is connected a large kitchen and bakery ; a frame ball room with lodging rooms over it and at each end ; two very large frame stables with 80 stalls in each, of which the exterior rows are open to the air ; and many rows of cabins tastefully arranged around the larger edifices, and standing on rising ground. The cabins are composed of various materials, brick, frame or logs, and the view of the *tout-ensemble*, is very pleasing. Most of the modern cabins are furnished with little piazzas, and shaded by forest trees, purposely rescued from the ruthless axe. There are several straight and dusty walks laid out with rectangular art ; and many artless paths more agreeable to the foot and eye. The cabins are, in general, comfortable and the bedding clean ; some suspicion of fleas I confess too, but I detected no bugs, which are perhaps kept away by the nature of the water, for Virgil says in the fifth book of his Georgics :

“ *Fœtidum in aquâ non gaudet sulphurêa bedbug ;*”

which being translated into the Virginia vernacular, means, "the stinking chinch, does not like sulphur water." The last word of the above quoted hexameter, I take to be an ancient Latin neuter indeclinable noun.

This elysium of summer, is the property of one individual, whose venerable silver locks, placid and care-free countenance, frank and agreeable manners, win the favourable regard of all who have the pleasure of making his acquaintance; and it is under the management of a man, small indeed in stature, but mighty in management and merit—the magnanimous, mysterious, mellifluent Metternich of the mountains. This gentleman spares no pains to accommodate his guests, and succeeds beyond hope, in making four hundred people comfortable in quarters calculated for half the number. The table is liberally supplied with esculents, and good tea and coffee, and bread of various kinds, all of which will come to you of their own accord, if you sit quiet for five minutes, during which time the servants

are occupied in supplying those refined persons who fee them for the first cuts; and the supply is always so liberal that nothing is lost by waiting.

The greatest charm of this place, is the delightful society which is drawn together in every agreeable variety, by its health-restoring spring. From the east you have consolidationists, tariffites and philanthropists; from the middle, professors, chemical analysts, and letter writers; from the west, orators, and gentlemen who can squat lower, jump higher, dive deeper, any come cut drier, than all creation besides; and from the south, nullifiers, union men, political economists, and statesmen; and from all quarters, functionaries of all ranks, ex-candidates for all functions, and the gay, young, agreeable and handsome of both sexes, who come to the White Sulphur to see and be seen, to chat, laugh and dance, and each to throw his pebble on the great heap of the general enjoyment.

The customs here are very liberal towards

the guests. A good ball room, and excellent band of music, are in occupation every evening, free to all the boarders, without charge. Nobody at the public table is expected to drink or pay for any wine or other liquors he does not want ; and any body can have fire enough in his cabin to roast an ox, by saying, with Horace, ‘ Boy, (meaning old uncle Duncan) fetch me some wood :’ ‘ *Puer, pone lignum super foco.*’ Uncle Duncan is a highly respectable yellow character, with a hawk’s eye and an eagle’s nose, and perhaps a drop of the imperial blood of Powhattan, who makes his bivouac among the trees on the hill in the rear of Alabama Row, under a slantindicular shed, lighted up most romantically by a large watch fire ; and if you want any thing, you have only to open your postern, and your mouth, and screech, ‘ Duncan, oh, Duncan.’ There are no bells, as captain Hamilton says ; and what do we want with bells, when we have good lungs ? Neither are there any shovels and tongs—and why should there be ? when a

small stick of wood is so much better to poke a fire withal, than a cold heavy pair of tongs, which generally give your hand a pinch.

If you are happy enough to be a bachelor, get into Alabama row. if your state is a happy duplicity, Paradise Row is your befitting asylum—opposite to which is a pretty isolated cottage, resting under the refreshing shade of several ancient sons of the forest. Running from the east end of Paradise Row at right angles, towards the south, is a row of beautiful white cabins, piazza-fronted, and looking towards the dome-covered spring. On the other side of the road are Compulsion Row and Wolf Row; the latter of which avoid, unless you be young and foolish—fond of noise and nonsense, frolic and fun, wine and wassail, sleepless nights, and days of headache; Mercury and Nimrod have taken up their abode there, and Macbeth-like, nightly murder sleep.

If you are geological, do not forget that you are within the edge of the great basin of

the Ohio; and that you can obtain a great variety of interesting fossils in the stratum of limestone which is bare in the beds of the water courses and the steep sides of the hill.

If conchyliological, search the hills for helices, and the waters for naiades, planorbes, physæ, lymnææ, and other fluviatile shells; and all that you find, wrap separately, marking their respective localities on the papers, and bring them home for my cabinet. The waters of the Warm Spring, and of the White Sulphur, have been accurately analysed by Professor William Barton Rogers,* of William and Mary College, a scientific and practical chemist of great experience, who intends to apply the fiery test to all the mineral waters of western Virginia; and it is to be hoped, will give to the world of invalids the result of

* It is understood that the learned Professor has since been appointed by Virginia, to make geological surveys within her borders; and that he will give in his report to the state, the results of his analytical experiments, on the Mineral Waters.

his valuable labours, before the revolving sun shall again call them to the region of renovation and amusement. I had the pleasure of being present at some of the learned Professor's experiments, and can vouch for the unremitting care and severe accuracy with which they were performed; and I believe that all the information that has lately been circulated respecting the contents of the Virginia Springs, has been derived from the analyses of Professor Rogers.

And now, Reader, I hope I have shown you enough of the delights of the White Sulphur Springs, to induce you to go there next summer.

L E T T E R I V.

Excursions—Lewisburg.—Sweet Springs—Dinner Party at Confectioner's—Rifling Sheep, not stealing Mutton—Hounds—Sunday—Difficulty of getting away—Departure in a Shower—Route to the Salt Sulphur.

THOSE who have carriages, can make pleasant excursions to Lewisburg and the Sweet Springs. The former is distant from the White Sulphur nine, and the latter sixteen miles. The road to Lewisburg crosses the Green Brier River and one of its tributaries; and passes over several hills, (*quasi* mountains,) affords some beautiful and romantic views, is turnpiked all the way, and is in very good order. The * hotel there, affords very good

* The Star, kept by Mr. Frazer.

dinners, and the undulation of the road affords the aspiring young Jehus a fine opportunity of displaying their want of skill in the noble science of the whip.

The road to the Sweet Springs is also very good, and the ride there and back feasible in one day. The turnpike crosses the main Allegheny ridge, which divides the waters flowing into the Atlantic from the tributaries of the Ohio. The direct distance is not supposed to exceed eight miles, but the windings of the road necessary to overcome the interposed elevation, make it extend to sixteen. The road is so judiciously laid out, that you go up and down the mountain without being aware of the great height you have passed. The scenery on the eastern, is more beautiful, but less wild, than that on the western side of the ridge, and the geological phenomena are very interesting.

Parties of gentlemen frequently go to dine at a confectioner's half a mile off, where they

eat venison and other good things *sub dio*, and quaff their wine and puff nicotian fumes most delightfully, under the shade of the forest trees. I dined there with a party, of whom three were from Virginia, three from Louisiana, one from Scotland, two from North Carolina, one from New York, one from Boston, and three from Philadelphia. Such meetings are very agreeable, and tend to render the Union of the States '*more perfect*.'*

Pic Nic parties embracing some of the fairer part of creation, often take place in some beautiful spot in the forest, or on the bank of the Green Brier, and are the occasion of much pleasure and amusement.

On the first afternoon of a stranger's arrival at the White Sulphur, he is sometimes startled; by the sharp crack of a rifle repeated seven or eight times; on inquiry, he is informed that the marksman of the establishment is thus unceremoniously converting certain innocent and unconscious sheep into

* Constitution of the United States.

mutton, for to-morrow's dinner. This yellow functionary never fails to send his bullet through the victim's brain, and argues, that shooting is a much more honorable death, than cutting of throats. There is a fine pack of hounds kept here, and frequently used for hunting the deer, which abound in the neighbouring forests. Every one who likes, can join in this spirit-stirring sport, provided he owns, or can beg, borrow or steal a horse.

On Sunday, the bar-room is converted into a chapel for the nonce, and the gay into the devout. On the Sundays I passed at the White Sulphur, the Divine Service of the Episcopal Church, was rubrically performed by a young clergyman from Petersburg, and was followed by an excellent sermon from the same gentleman. The congregation was numerous and devout.

The fascinations of the White Sulphur are so many, that you do not soon wish to leave them: and when you have made up your mind that you are ready to go, it is no easy

matter to get away, unless you have your own locomotive. The supply of travelling conveniences is by no means commensurate with the demand, at certain seasons, and therefore, a week before you go, you must engage your seat in some coach going whither you wish. My two friends left me here, and I joined myself to another learned Theban, a philosopher, who, like myself, was hunting health and knowledge in the mountains.

One fine morning, with tears in our eyes, we left the White Sulphur just after breakfast, to proceed to the Salt Sulphur Springs : whence a kind Virginia friend had sent his carriage for us. The distance is twenty-four miles, a great part of which may be called tolerably bad road. The route follows the course of a mountain rivulet, which it crosses more than a dozen times, and in some places, passes for many yards along its stony bed. The scene for miles is wild and romantic, being laid in the heart of an ancient forest, flanked at intervals by mountain spurs, ter-

minating in lofty promontories of rock. After travelling about fourteen miles, we emerged from the forest, and saw a smooth unpainted board stuck up by the road side, with certain characters traced thereon in black. The letters having various dimensions and directions, and the N's and S's being turned the wrong way, we had some difficulty in making out 'John Rogers's Organ Cave.' We stopped, and a little brown-faced, bare-footed mountaineer, the watchman of the sign, asked us if we wished to go into the cave. I sounded a *Strombus Gigas*, (i. e. conk) and John Rogers soon appeared with an armful of split pine for torches, and a chump of fire to ignite them, wherewith to light us through his subterraneous domain.

L E T T E R V.

Organ Cave—Pine Torch—Brownface—Journey in Cave—Organ Room—Smashpipe Quo'hees—Great coat—Robbers—Gil Blas—Saltpetre—Daylight.

THE mouth of the Organ Cave is situated nearly under the road, at the bottom of a deep ravine, which seems as if it had formerly discharged a large stream of water into the Cave. The superincumbent earth over which the road passes, is supported by an almost horizontal and very thick stratum of secondary lime-stone. The approach is very romantic, descending the steep and wooded side of the ravine, by a zigzag path, which leads by an easy slope, ("*facilis descensus Averni*,") to the black and yawning chasm.

The preparation for exploring one of these

cyclopean caves, consists of a supply of pitch-pine sticks, faith in your guides and folly in yourself.

The sticks are about two feet long, and each one as thick as a thin finger ; fifteen or twenty of which being held together in the hand, and fired at the upper end, make the best of torches, will burn bright for two hours, and distinctly show the floor, sides and roof of the cave through the palpable obscure.

Little magazines of sticks are judiciously left at intervals of a quarter of a mile, as you penetrate deeper and deeper into the bowels of the land, to replenish from time to time the moribund luminaries.

John Rogers lighted one torch, little brown face another and myself a third ; my Theban friend not fearing Bæotian darkness, was content to walk with borrowed light.

We first entered a spacious apartment, about thirty feet high, fifty broad, and three hundred long, arched with rock, of which fallen fragments strewed the floor.

The floor dips about ten degrees from the entrance ; and near the lower end of this apartment, on the right hand, is a small aperture, just large enough to suffer a man to creep through, which leads into a passage about ten feet wide, four feet high, and two hundred and fifty feet long. The floor of this passage is almost smooth and nearly level, and the sides and roof formed of compact rock. No fragments seem to have fallen here from the roof; but it has very much the air of shutting down upon you bodily, and you suffer much inconvenience from the necessity of stooping, and now and then rubbing your back against the impending rock.

This passage opens into a spacious apartment, rough and rocky, and full of yawning gulphs and dangerous passes. A stone thrown into one of these awful pits, was heard for a time to bound from side to side, and then sullenly to plunge into the water far below.

After some distance, this great apartment branches to the left and right ; the latter

course, as John Rogers told us, leads over a rocky mountain, which we had to ascend and descend to reach the organ room, the jewel of the cave. Toil and danger attend the passage of this tartarean hill. For some distance, you pass along a path or ledge of rock about a foot wide, with the perpendicular side of the cavern on your right hand, and a precipice whose foot is lost in darkness on your left ; then for a space you scramble over rocks, until big drops of healthful exercise course one another down your innocent nose. Now you reach a living spring which leaps from the rock into a stalactitic basin, and here you stop and stoop and drink ; and here you also pull off your great coat, if it happens to be on.

Thus refreshed and lightened you resume your march, and in a few minutes pass through a narrow opening into the organ room. This room is not very large, but is extremely interesting from the numerous stalactites of various forms which it contains. Near the en-

trance is a perfect column extending from the floor to the roof, which it seems to support, and increases your sense of security.

In another part of the room depend from the roof, a great number of distinct but parallel stalactites, which do not reach the floor, are arranged after the manner of organ pipes, and upon being gently stricken with a stick or stone, do forthwith emit Memnonian sounds. The organ has been much injured and put out of tune, by certain barbarous Quo'hees, who have, unknown to John Rogers, invaded this deep recess, and broken some of the pipes. The organ room is distant from the cave's mouth about three quarters of a mile.

Time and newspapers wait for no man ; so I must forthwith quit this cave, and translate myself into the upper element, leaving the rest of the wonders of the organ room, to be described by my learned friend, in a profound work he is now putting together, for the benefit of his fellow-creatures. He remained some time in the room with John Rogers and the

torch after Brownface and I had commenced retreating. When about half out, (ourselves and the torch,) I stopped to put on my great coat and accidentally turning and looking back, I saw a light glaring behind us, at the distance of a furlong, and presently the torch-bearer and the Philosopher emerged from a turn in the cave, making the darkness visible and transporting me in imagination to the Robbers' Cave in Gil Blas. Instead of following us, they took the aforesaid left hand branch, which following two furlongs, they found a spot, where formerly, certain Troglo-dytes digged villainous saltpetre from the harmless earth, to slay their fellow men. Now threading the low passage, and emerging into the great vestibule, I saw again in the distance, through the cave's mouth, the bright and cheerful colours of the sunny world.

LETTER VI.

Brownface, a nascent schoolmaster—Salt Sulphur—
Contents and Non-contents of the Water—Contents
of the Table—Comforts—Dairy—Butter—Cream—
Sweet Sulphur Spring—Nullification Row—Road to
Red Sulphur.

I WAITED at the cave's mouth for the forthcoming of my companion for the space of twenty minutes, which I spent in agreeable converse with little Brownface, who gave me to understand that he wished to follow the trade and mystery of a school-master ; and I verily believe, the only science the poor lad has, is a little knowledge of the rifle, wherefore he opines, that he can teach the young idea how to shoot.

On re-entering our carriage, we found that two hours had fled, whilst we were in the cave; I advise you therefore, patient reader, to take a whole day to it, if you would see all its wonders. We met with no more very bad roads, and arrived at the Salt Sulphur Spring, at 5 P. M. totally tired and hollow with hunger, as we had dined in the cave upon mere curiosity.

The Salt Sulphur Spring is situated in an elevated valley on the western side of the main Allegheny ridge, and contains nearly the same ingredients as the White Sulphur, with the addition of a little Sulphate of Soda, which makes it a sure purgative, if three or four glasses be taken before breakfast. Professor Rogers, made an accurate analysis of the water whilst I was there, and found in it, no Muriate of Soda, although the worthy proprietors had been accused by the unlearned, of throwing into the Spring a daily supply of that common condiment, upon whose presence they supposed its purgative power to depend. This discovery

in the water of Sulphate of Soda or Glauber Salt, made by the learned professor, was therefore very agreeable to the friends of Messrs. Caruthers & Erskine, the estimable and enterprising proprietors, as it solved at once the mystery of purgation.

Every good thing for the sick and sane is to be found here in the greatest abundance. At breakfast, twelve to fifteen different kinds of wheat, bran, maize, buckwheat, rye, rice, hot and cold bread and cakes; milk without water, and cream without milk; coffee and tea, green and black; sausages, eggs, honey, maple molasses, and cheese; mutton and venison chops, fried and boiled; fried chickens and cold corned beef and ham; and all these well cooked and arranged on a snow white table-cloth, supported by a table having ample room and verge enough for all the guests to sit comfortably, and partake of the aforesaid dainties without indecent hurry.

The dining room is 160 feet long, and 40 feet wide, and the air is gently and pleasantly

agitated, and the maurauding flies effectually put to flight by a long line of fans, pendant from the ceiling, co-extensive with the table, and diligently kept in motion by the muscular power of a young æthiop, applied to one end of a rope ingeniously connected with each particular fan.

At dinner you have venison, beef and mutton ; turkies, ducks and chickens ; corned beef and ham, cooked in all sorts of ways, and followed by a dessert consisting of a variety of excellent pastry and preserves, with abundance of rich milk and cream. For supper, see the foregoing account of breakfast. The butter is always fresh and good, and made in their own dairy, which go and look at ; Mr. Caruthers will show it to you with much pleasure, and he has a right to be proud of it. There are hot and cold mineral and fresh water baths.

If you have a whim or fancy for any thing that is out of the common routine, ask and

you will get it, for accommodation is the common law of the place.

At the distance of five hundred yards is a spring called the Sweet Sulphur, which has no Glauber Salt in it, and is a very agreeable beverage before dinner or in the evening. You can walk to it by the road, or by a path which leads over a romantic hill.

The rides and walks are very pleasant, embracing every variety of scenery ; mountain, valley, hill and dale, wood, lawn, rocks and streams. Many interesting fossils reward the labour of the geologist ; and the conchyliologist finds several genera of fluviatile and terrestrial mollusca.

The accommodations are sufficient for two hundred and fifty persons, and until the middle of September, there is a large and agreeable society to be found there, consisting chiefly of families from the more southern states.

Besides the chambers over the dining-room there are many rows of comfortable cabins, well furnished with bedding, chairs and tables ;

and even shovels and tongs are to be found here.

There is a commodious ball room, in which are music and dancing every evening, and preaching every Sunday. A sitting parlour is provided for gentlemen, and another for ladies, in which is a piano.

There is a row of pretty new cabins, with piazzas in front joining each other, thus forming a covered walk of considerable length for rainy or sunny weather. This is called Nullification Row, in honour of a certain gallant little state, and was occupied by a number of agreeable South Carolinians of the Union party.

I passed eight days very pleasantly in this abode of comfort and abundance, and on the 8th September at noon, started for the Red Sulphur Spring, in the regular stage coach. My companion wishing to make little exploring episodes by the way, our worthy hosts lent him a capital gray charger, to ride and keep *ab libitum* as to distance and time.

The distance to the Red Sulphur is eighteen miles over a mountainous and woody region, which grows wilder and more romantic as you proceed. You pass two or three little valleys, into which the sun's rays penetrate between the branches and trunks of the gigantic trees, which have been robbed of their leafy honors by the process of girdling ; the ground below being occupied by Indian corn. After ascending several successive elevations, the road reaches the top of a narrow mountain ridge, along which it runs for several miles, and affords a prospect into the deep and precipitous valley on either side. After descending from this ridge, the road follows for several miles, the bank of a beautiful creek, and at 4 P. M., brings you to the Red Sulphur Spring.

LETTER VII.

Red Sulphur—Mysterious Red Substance—Water Cool and strongly Sulphurous—Gray Sulphur—It's First Summer—Redolent of the Palmetto—Two Springs, one Anti-dyspeptic, the other slightly Aperient—Salt Pond heard of.

THE Red Sulphur Spring is one of the most beautiful and interesting objects in the Virginia mountains. It flows from the rock into a quadrangular reservoir, composed of four slabs of white marble, the lower edges of which rest on the rock from which the water gushes. The reservoir is about six feet long, five wide, and four and a half deep ; and a beautiful red and mysterious substance covers the bottom, which, extending some distance up the sides, sheds through the transparency of the water, its own lovely hue.

The water is clear and cool, (its tempera-

ture being fifty-four of Fahrenheit,) is very strongly charged with Sulphuretted Hydrogen Gas, and contains portions of several neutral salts. It possesses in a high degree, the valuable property of retarding a quick pulse, and is gently diuretic and aperient. To a Philadelphia palate, its coolness is very gratifying.

The Spring is situated near one side of a little triangular plain, almost buried in mountains, and therefore cut short of its fair proportion of sunshine. The buildings consisting of two large and commodious hotels and three rows of cabins, are conveniently arranged upon the plain. The best row of cabins is called Philadelphia Row, and each cabin contains two good rooms, in one of which is a fire-place.

The beautiful red mysterious substance is not oxyde of selenium, nor vermillion, nor red precipitate, nor any other precipitate or oxyde; but it is ——*, but no, I will not say what

* Touching this red mysterious substance, I have

it is, because Professor Rogers examined it carefully and chemically, and as I believe, first discovered its real nature, and will give a proper scientific account of it in his forthcoming report.

The table and other accommodations are very good, and Mr. Burke, the proprietor, is making every effort, by new and expensive improvements, to increase the comforts of his future guests.

At 10 A. M. on the 10th September, we left the Red Sulphur Spring in a private carriage, to pay a visit to the Gray Sulphur, situated at the distance of nine miles in a south-west direction, just within the border of Giles County.

This is a new establishment, grown up by magic since the first of June last. It belongs to John D. Legare, Esq. of South Carolina, a

diligently inquired, and after much labour I am enabled to suspect that the learned professor opines that it is a cryptogamous plant, and that the letter-writer holds the same sentiment.

gentleman of established literary talent, who by his great enterprise and good taste, has made this lovely wilderness blossom like the rose, and bring forth the fruits of civilization and comfort. There is a comfortable new brick house standing near the middle of a gently sloping plain of about twenty acres, nearly cleared of trees, and entirely surrounded by forest-covered mountains, between whose base and the house are several beautiful conical hills, rendering the view from the portico exceedingly pleasing.* Everything here is conducted after the polished and agreeable manner of South Carolina ; all is redolent of the Palmetto, and a little pleasant circle from that state, may generally be found here.

There are two springs under the same cover, within ten feet of each other ; one containing *inter alia* bicarbonate of soda, which is an excellent anti-dyspeptic, and is well taken an hour after dinner, which is always so good

* The buildings and accommodations are greatly increased within two years.

here, that every body eats too much. The other contains some sulphuretted hydrogen and several neutral salts, rendering it aperient and diuretic. It should be taken an hour before breakfast. The breakfasts and suppers are capital, furnished forth with various cakes, in form and color new to northern eye, of rice, of corn and wheat; and in discussing these interesting subjects, a quiet deliberation reigns, affording the epicure the double opportunity of curing hunger and gratifying taste. The wine is so good, that he who drinks it, falsifies the old adage, that "*omnes errorem bibunt*," there is no mistake about it.

The road from the Red Sulphur, to this "*ultima Thule*," *novissimaque* of the Virginia Springs, is good, but so hilly, that it requires three hours to overcome its nine miles.

The little plain is skirted on one side by a rivulet, which flows close at the base of Chimney Ridge, a spur of Peters's mountain, and washes a very thick stratum of limestone, con-

sisting almost entirely of casts of several genera of marine shells.

We passed here, two pleasant days, enjoying the quiet of the wilderness, combined with every comfort brought from the busy haunts of men, and then retraced our steps by the same vehicle to the Red Sulphur.

On a fine day the ride is delightful, the road passing for eight miles through the heart of the virgin forest, yet untouched, save by the hand that traced the road.

We passed the night at the Red Sulphur, and at six the next morning, I mounted beside the driver of the Salt Sulphur coach, leaving my fellow traveller, who was desirous of visiting Salt Pond, on the Allegheny mountain. As I did not see Salt Pond with my own eyes, I shall not describe it, only observing, that though the pond is salt, yet the water is fresh; and that it may be paradoxically considered as one of nature's artificial curiosities, as it is said to have been made without hands, with-

in the memory of the mountaineers;* and although it is at the *top* of a high mountain, yet many of the sagacious neighbours suspect that it has no *bottom*. The foundation of this belief is supposed to rest on the fact, that it has never been sounded with a very long line.

* On page 789 of my notes, I find the following entry : Salt Pond, a sheet of fresh water on the Allegheny mountain, which has collected there during the memory of man. It is said that formerly a rivulet which ran through a hollow on the top of the mountain, made its escape by sinking into the earth. It was a place much frequented by cattle, both tame and wild, for the purpose of quenching their thirst; and in process of time, it came to pass, that the trampling of many feet pressed down a sufficiency of earth to fill up the crevice, by which the water had previously made its escape; and so the accumulations of the rivulet and the rain gradually submerged the forest, and formed a pond. As this was done by *feet*, our letter writer is correct in saying it was made without *hands*.



LETTER VIII.

An accident, almost—Driver's ingenuity—Humphrey Clinker—English Watering Places—Route to Sweet Springs—their aspect—temperature—Jean Delorme, the Genius Loci—Road to Hot Springs.

A VERY good coach runs every other day, from the White to the Red Sulphur, and back again on the intervening days, stopping an hour at the Salt Sulphur, which is generally improved by the passengers, in swallowing a good dinner. This line continues only during the season of fashionable visitation, and during that period generally runs full, so that it is necessary to engage places several days in advance.

I found nine places taken, and so was obliged to mount up beside the driver at 6 A. M. on a cold misty morning ; the roughness of the road and the quickness of the driving which was like the driving of Jehu, kept me warm.

After about an hour's ride, in passing over a sort of gutter, the king-bolt or body-pin broke, and the coach was just on the point of falling from the fore axletree, when the driver discovered the accident, and drew up his horses. I anticipated some delay, but the driver had several spare king-bolts and repaired the damage with such dexterity and expedition, as convinced me of his deep reading in the chapter of accidents.

At 11 A. M. we arrived safely at the Salt Sulphur, where I was soon ensconced in my former comfortable apartment.

I took a small book from the mantel which proved to be the first volume of the expedition of Humphrey Clinker, and I passed the rest of the day very pleasantly in the

society of the sensible Matthew Bramble, his good-tempered sister and the rest of his agreeable family.

The company here was reduced to about a dozen, of whom I knew not one ; so that I was very lucky to fall in with my old Welsh acquaintance from Brambleton Hall.

I was particularly interested in the amusing and pointed account which the caustic Matthew gives of some of the English watering places, which no American can fail to read with satisfactions. I refer my readers, if there be any such people, to Mr. Bramble's letter, dated Bath, 28th April, for a most accurate and interesting picture of the miseries endured by hypochondriacs at that celebrated watering place ; some parts of which marvellously resemble some little conveniences to be met with at our own Spas. By all means, take Clinker with you next summer on your Virginia expedition, and make it a point to peruse him from beginning to end, "*ab ovo usque ad*

malum ;” but no, it will not be *ad malum*, because it will result in your own *good*.

The next day, at 9 A. M. I started for the Sweet Springs, and had the whole coach to myself. The distance is sixteen miles, and the road is pretty good, passing over the main ridge of the Allegheny by a succession of hills of such easy ascent and descent, as to convey to the traveller, no notion of the mountain height he has traversed.

The ride is very interesting both to *Artists* and *Naturalists*, the fossils being numerous and curious, and the scenery assuming a more beautiful and civilized aspect, as you come within the edge of the Atlantic Basin.

Four hours brought the coach to the Sweet Springs, one of the most ancient and celebrated Watering places in the United States.

The aspect of the place is lovely, the harsh and rough features which belong to more recent clearings, having been mellowed and moulded into symmetry by the gentle touch of time, that great innovator ; and in the Vir-

ginia mountains, almost the sole improver, because nobody else has capital enough, and time is a capital fellow, for time is money.

You drive into a spacious green undulating area, shaded here and there with trees, and surrounded by motley groups of frame buildings of all shapes and ages, and you see in front of you, rising behind a row of modern cabins, a remarkably beautiful rounded hill, whose tree-clad top seems to lead by a gentle acclivity to a mountain range which bounds the view.

In a little valley on your left, is a frame building containing two large and separate baths for the two sexes, and under its piazza is a famous spring, sweet in name, but slightly acidulous in taste, sparkling and spirit-stirring like champagne, and ever copiously flowing like the stream of time :

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

Flows, and will flow, the ever-fleeting spring,
"Till the last trump its piercing note shall sing.

This is what the neighbours call a powerful Spring, meaning that it sends forth a power of water, and it fills two very large plunging baths, which are very agreeable, from the sparkling transparency and high temperature of the element.

I think its temperature is about 70 of Fahrenheit ; though, being “ *vix umbra philosophi*,” I cannot venture a statement on my own authority ; neither do I know its gaseous or solid contents, for Professor Rogers, with his tests, retorts, receivers and evaporating dishes, had not yet arrived.

In a little unilocular cabin, near the bath buildings, resides the ancient Jean Delorme, the *custos balneorum*, who may be seen from morn to night, limping about the decrepid bath-house, a compound of contented simplicity and ignorant bliss, the very genius loci. Jean’s accent and politeness betray his Gallic origin, and his simplicity and age excite an interest.—One evening, after dark, I tapped at his cabin door, which was opened by him-

self. He was half undressed, preparing for his night's rest, and looked surprised, but I told him I came to make him a visit, and he very politely invited me to take a seat, put on his coat, and prepared to support his part in the conversation with becoming vigour. I gathered from him the following information. He was born within twenty miles of Paris on a farm, and came to Alexandria, D. C. in 1791, with a number of French people, who intended to settle on the Scioto; he stopped near Alexandria, and wrought on a farm for a year, and then engaged with a dentist to go to the Sweet Springs. Jean lived with the dentist two years, when the latter died, leaving Jean poor in the wilderness, not possessing English nor money enough to carry him to Alexandria, whither he did much incline to go.

In his deep distress, he prevailed upon the landlord of the Sweet Springs, (him of forty years ago,) to let him oversee the baths, and endeavor to draw a precarious subsistence from

the *fo' pence ha' pennies* and nine pences that the generosity of the bathers might bestow upon his indigence. Jean has pursued this *metier* two-and-forty years, and has grown old and lame but not rich and proud.

In a few years he fell in love, and by way of bettering his poor condition, married a widow many years his senior, with three children, and (to use his own words,) as poor a man as himself. I inquired of him, if there were any Indians there when he first arrived, he said no, but there were plenty of bears panthers, rattlesnakes, wild cats, and other vermin. His wife died about two years ago, leaving him several generations of descendants, (*by her former lord,*) to solace his old age. Jean says he has not grown rich because he had no learning; with good old Sir Hugh, he laments his lack of Latin and Greek. He makes from eighty to one hundred dollars during the fashionable season, which keeps him comfortable for the remaining eight months; a period that he passes with his

step-son, in a log hut on a little clearing in the mountain, which Jean gave him some years since.

When you go to the Sweet Springs, do not forget to have some pleasant chat with Jean Delorme, and be sure to give him a quarter as a souvenir.

The accommodations at the Sweet Springs are good, and in general, quite sufficient for the company, which suffers a diurnal ebb and flow.

The road from the Sweet to the Hot Springs is very good, and I travelled it in the stage coach, between 9 A. M. and 5 P. M. stopping an hour and a half at Plum's (olim Callaghan's) to demolish a good dinner.



L E T T E R I X.

Hot Springs—Buildings—Scenery—The Spout Bath—
The Boiler—Mode of Bathing—Effect—Diet—
Taking Seventy Baths—Hot and Cold Springs—
Physa.

THE Hot Springs are seated in a valley, deeply embosomed among mountain peaks, and at first sight as you descend the hill coming from the Warm Springs, appearances do not invite a long sojourn.

The scenery, however, is interesting, and grows into your affection the deeper, the longer you remain.

The old frame hotel stands on the southern side of the road, and presents its narrow

piazza to the north, in which direction the land descends by a gentle slope to the valley of thermal Springs, in which stand the bathing houses and several rows of cabins, and which is bounded by an abrupt, forest-clad mountain top.

Towards the left, the valley spreads out into a beautiful verdant meadow of many acres, bounded on all sides by forests, rising on the steep mountain side, embellished at this time, by the many brilliant tints of autumn.

The present proprietor is Doctor Goode, an intelligent physician, who is using great exertion and investing much money to render the establishment pleasant to travellers, and comfortable and useful to valetudinarians. The table is very good, and the accommodations quite comfortable at present ; but the nests of brick cabins rising here and there, promise additional enjoyment for the coming year. There are two famous baths here, the Spout and the Boiler ; the former is said to be preferred by Orators, the latter by Poets and

Warriors. The temperature of both is about 106 Fahrenheit, a degree of heat which is a little scalding at first, but which becomes pleasant as soon as the bather is chin deep in the health-restoring fluid.

The Spout bath is so called, because a constant stream of water is led from a hot spring through a perforated log, from the end of which (*quasi* spout) it pours into the bath, affording the bather an opportunity of receiving the stream upon any part of his body or limbs, into which rheumatism has thrust his uncomfortable claws. This is covered by a wooden building, open at top, and has adjoining to it a dressing-room, in which is a fire. After emerging from this bath you must go to your room well wrapped up, and sit or lie still until the perspiration subsides.

The boiler is enclosed in a large wooden house which excludes the external air, and in which are ten or twelve little rooms, each containing a cot and matrass whereon to lie and perspire after leaving the bath. You

remain in the bath until the big drops have started on your forehead, and begin to chase one another down your innocent nose ; then you walk out of the bath into one of the little rooms previously prepared for you by the attentive and judicious superintendant, who wraps you in flannel from top to toe, yea, *in toto*, except the tip of your nose ; then he lays upon you six blankets, and having put you in a comfortable fix, leaves you to be amused with reflection and perspiration, while he fixes the other bathers. Perspiration soon starts from every pore, and you distinctly feel it tickling and trickling down your sides. Sometimes it penetrates the blankets, matrass and sackenbottom, and streams upon the floor.

When you have sweat enough, which will be in from thirty to ninety minutes, you call to the attendant, who comes, and removes one blanket, and at intervals of five minutes, the others one by one. Thus you are gradually cooled, and rise and dress, without the least danger of taking cold.

The effect of this bath on rheumatic and gouty affections, and on old deep-seated and chronic complaints, that medicine does not seem to reach, is very beneficial. It restores the surface to a good condition, and promotes the healthy action of the skin; and every person who drinks the water of the various Sulphur Springs, should afterwards stop here two or three weeks, and try the virtue of the boiler.

I remained here six days, and took the bath every day, with the best results; and the last day I bathed, a friend of mine, who had arrived in a very debilitated condition ten weeks before, was taking his seventieth bath, and had entirely recovered his health, having gained in weight nearly a pound a day.

If taken every day, the boiler exerts a powerful action on the system, and therefore it is well to use a simple diet. Roast or boiled mutton and rice are capital for dinner. By the way, talking of rice, do you know why rice is like nullification? To be sure, cry

several voices, because they both grow in South Carolina. No, Ladies and Gentlemen, that is not the reason. Do you give it up? It is because it is a sovereign and bloodless remedy for attacks on the Constitution.

For breakfast and supper, take tea and crackers, *black* tea and *water* crackers. Not those horrid things commonly called water crackers, that the wicked bakers sophisticate with butter or lard to please the multitudinous taste, (for the pure water cracker is *caviare* to the general, it pleases not the million,) but those genuine compounds of sweet superfine flour and pure hydrant water, made by Wattson, away up Front street. Take with you a tin canister full of these, for they will keep a long time, and are of rare occurrence beyond the sound of Christ Church Bells. The maker's name is on the crackers, and you will perceive that he spells it with a superfluous T, a proof that tea and crackers should go together.

There is another bath here of the temper-

ature of ninety-six, which is called the pleasure bath.* It is circular; thirty-eight feet wide, from four to five feet deep, and is covered with a handsome wooden building, with a large opening in the roof.

There are, near the hotel, a hot and cold spring issuing so near each other, that you can dip the thumb and fore finger of the same hand into hot and cold water at the same time. These two springs run in the same water course, which is inhabited by a beautiful species of *Physa*, multitudes of which seem to linger about the line of junction of the hot and cold water; so that they can change their climate, to suit the fancy of the moment.

Here I was joined by three friends, and we engaged an extra coach, to take us to Harper's Ferry, travelling to suit our own convenience.

* This has since been altered.

LETTER X.

Departure—Warm Springs—Monsieur Lange—Route from Frazier's to Harrisonburg—New Market—Mount Jackson—Landlady of the Swan—Bad Road to Woodstock—Winchester—Taylor's capital Hotel—Rate of Living.

AT 3 o'clock, P. M. on the 26th September, the weather being fine, we left the Hot Springs in our chartered Winchester Coach, owned and commanded by Lewis Hardon. Our coach was comfortable, our horses good, and our driver skilful. In an hour we safely crawled over the little mountains which repose between the Hot and Warm Springs, and came to anchor for the night at the latter place. Much pleasant company was still lingering there, lest they should overtake the ague, yet loitering on the eastern plains.

We were well supped, bedded, and breakfasted, and were snugly repacked in the coach, with two additional *compagnons de voyage*, by 9 the next morning, at which hour we left the valley of thermal waters, and began to wind our toilsome, slow and zigzag course, up the western acclivity of the Warm Spring mountain.

The labour of ascent is well repaid, by the magnificent mountain view, which, as you pass the gap, opens on your vision from the east, now beautifully chequered by the brilliant tints of autumn.

The road, our horses, and our appetites were so good, that by 2 p. m. we were ready to stop at the house of Abraham Lange, and eat our dinner. Mr. Lange looks, and talks English very like our germanico-Pennsylvanians; but his politeness and omelets soon betray his gallic origin. He is skilful at draughts, (I do not mean of whiskey,) and if you want a good dinner, ask him to favour you with a game, he will beat you, and then

administer inward consolation, in the shape of fried chickens, and a capital omelet. He has resided there more than thirty years, and grown with the country into competency and comfort, and can give you interesting sketches of the progress of men and things in his locality.

At dusk we arrived at Frazier's having performed a journey of forty-two miles since breakfast, with the same horses. The next morning at eight, we took the direct road to Harrisonburg, leaving Staunton twelve miles on our right, and saving so much of our distance. The distance from Frazier's to Harrisonburg is twenty-two miles, and the road, though not turnpiked for the first eleven miles, is very good; now agreeably winding through the forest, and now emerging into the open and more cultivated country. The remaining eleven miles is a well made turnpike, which ends at Harrisonburg.

We arrived at the last named place at

noon, and stopped two hours at the George Washington, (*venerabile nomen!*) to feed our horses and ourselves.—After demolishing a good dinner, we started again at 2 P. M. intending to pass the night at New Market, twenty miles off. We now became sensible that the road was growing worse, and before we reached New Market, we were well shaken. At 5½ P. M. we drove into New Market, and not perceiving any symptoms of good cheer, we determined to make an effort to reach Mount Jackson, seven miles farther on. It rained, and the road had become bad, and the night was becoming very dark; but by dint of careful driving and good horses, we got through our troubles before 8 P. M., almost feeling our way through the palpable obscure. Our driver, who is knowing about these parts, took us to the sign of the Swan, on the right hand, a tavern kept in very good style by the landlord's wife, who is as well developed a specimen of fat female good nature and usefulness as may be found in the old Dominion.

Here we were very comfortable, fared sumptuously, and lay in fine linen, and at 6 A. M. the next morning, were bid farewell with the gentle charge of three 'levenpenny-bits each for supper and lodging.

We now reached very bad roads, nay absolutely abominable, which if you were to see, you would think *impassable*; and if I were to describe, you would exclaim *impossible*! The route for many miles, passes over the edges of limestone strata, very much inclined from the horizontal plain, and in many places entirely denuded, so that the horses were obliged to lay aside all their accustomed gaits, and adopt one for the occasion, which may be appropriately termed, a *scramble*. But what obstacles will not a Virginico-yankee equipage overcome? Our driver was Yankee, our vehicle Trojan,* and our horses Tuckahoe.

In four hours we reached Woodstock, where we got a very good breakfast at Reamer's, for thirty-one cents, and at 11 A. M, started for

* Built at Troy in the state of New York.

Winchester, the capitol of the Quo'hees. The road is *pretty considerable bad*, being superfluously supplied with rocks by nature, who is no miser, nor macadamiser neither, and therefore, she has not broken them small enough to make a good road.

Five o'clock, P. M., however, brought us safe and hungry to Taylor's magnificent hotel, in the pleasant town of Winchester. This is, in every respect, a first rate house, full of comforts, luxuries and reasonable charges. The annual rate of board here, with a single bed room, is one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Here we finished our day's journey, and here I finish this epistle.

L E T T E R X I .

Road to Harper's Ferry—Mr. Jefferson's description—
Kirauea—Tomboro—Potomac—Shenandoah—Town
—Fitzsimmons's—Factory of Arms—Chapel—Strait
Gun Stocks—Turning Machine—Mr. Jefferson's
Rock, a rocking Stone.

AT 7½ A. M. on the 30th September, we left Winchester for Harper's Ferry, a distance of about thirty miles. The greatest part of the road is tolerably bad, but the country is interesting, and becomes more so as you draw nigher to Harper's Ferry, which every neophyte traveller must approach with a sufficient preparation of astonishment and admiration; at least such must be his condition if

he has ever read Mr. Jefferson's description of this celebrated spot, which is in the following words : " The passage of the Patowmac through the blue ridge is perhaps one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up * the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Patowmac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea." Notes on Virginia, N. Y. 1801, p. 27. What will the neoterick geologists say to the notion of two quiet rivers joining and in a moment rending asunder the solid mountain ! When the first two lines of this eloquent passage were penned, the writer probably had not seen the ocean cataract of Niagara ; nor the Val del Bove on Mount *Ætna*, an enormous chasm running down the

* An exception to the general rule : most rivers flow down.

mountain for twelve miles, bounded by almost perpendicular cliffs, in some places three thousand feet in depth, and containing within its ample bosom volcanic craters communicating with the fiery gulph below.

The scientific world had not then heard of Kirauea a mountain in Hawaii, on whose side an immense opening many miles in circumference, exhibits to the light of day some of the greatest operations performed in the laboratory of nature ; within whose tall and blackened cliffs may be seen hundreds of volcanic cones perpetually burning, mountains of sulphur, and still more strange and awful, an earthly Phlegethon, or lake of melted lava, several miles in extent, and continually raging like ocean waves.

Nor then had Tomboro, in the island of Sumbawa, blown off his towering head, covering five hundred miles of ocean with the fragments, almost ground to powder ; and astounding by its deep-toned bellowing, the savage nations for a thousand miles.

The rending off the top of such a mountain by a sudden explosion, must leave a scene much more stupendous than that in question.

The scene at Harper's Ferry is indeed beautiful and romantic, and may approach to the sublime in the spring, when the rivers are well filled with water. But when I saw it the streams were scarcely commensurate with their rugged beds, and the waters rippled sluggishly over the pebbles, and flowed quietly between the rocks.

The Potomac just below the point at which the Shenandoah joins it, passes the Blue Ridge through a wide gap, which had to my eye no appearance of having been burst or cut through the mountain by the force of water ; but seems rather to have existed on the ridge at its first upheaving above the surface of the ocean. The sides of the gap slope up from the river with a steepness not greater than the natural angle of repose.

We arrived at the ferry at 2½ P. M. and stopped at Fitzsimmons's Hotel ; whose in-

terior and good cheer are much better than its outside promise. The approach to the town, as you descend a long hill and come in sight of the Shenandoah is very imposing. The principal part of the town is close on the Shenandoah immediately under the high hill which divides the rivers. The Federal Manufactories of Arms, extend up the right bank of the Potomac. There are several houses and a beautiful Catholic chapel perched upon sites cut from the solid rock at elevations of from fifty to one hundred feet, which are approached by flights of steps also cut from the rock, which have a beautiful and romantic appearance, and command a fine view of the whole scene. There is a substantial covered bridge across the Potomac.

After dinner we made the tour of the arsenals and the manufactories. The arsenals seem to be in very good order and the arms well kept ; but upon handling one of the muskets I found the stock so strait, that when I brought it to my shoulder, it was impossible

for the eye to range along the barrel. This is a fatal defect, and troops using these in action, would inevitably fire above the heads of their antagonists.

We saw in the manufactories that ingenious yankee lathe which turns gun stocks and shoe lasts ; but if it cannot make better stocks than those I saw, it would have been better had it turned its last, before it came to Harper's Ferry.

We ascended two high hills, from which we had splendid views in several directions ; and we visited Jefferson's rock, so called because tradition says the Philosopher sat thereon, when he wrote his account of Harper's Ferry.

This singular rock is on a high hill which overhangs the town ; its top is flat, almost horizontal, nearly square, and about twelve feet wide ; its base does not exceed four or five feet in width, and rests upon the top of a larger mass of rock jutting from the hill ; its height is about four or five feet.

My companions got on the top to enjoy the extensive prospect which lay beneath. From its narrow base and nicely balanced attitude, it struck me that it might be caused to vibrate on its base ; and taking hold of its edge and applying my utmost strength, I made it shake so sensibly, that those upon it exclaimed that it was like an earthquake. At our Inn they told us, that they did not know that Mr. Jefferson's rock could be moved.

The table and accommodations at Fitzsimmons's Globe Inn are very good, but at certain seasons are liable to be over-crowded at night ; so that it is expedient for travellers who care for comfort, to contrive to arrive before dinner, that they may engage their rooms before the evening flood comes in.



LETTER XII.

The Ancients—Idleness—Pliny—Dogberry—Spa-hunters—Canal boat veracity and comforts—Point of Rocks—Rail Road—Scenery—Ellicott's Mills—Route to Richmond—Powhatan House—From Richmond by Lynchburgh to Sweet, and by Charlottesville to Warm Springs—Mr. Jefferson's notice of the Sweet and White Sulphur Springs—Concluding Hint.

MR. Editor—It is so long since I have favoured you with an epistle, that I suppose you began to flatter yourself that I was gathered to my ancestors, and no doubt, had you honoured me with a letter, you would have begun and ended as Pliny to Fabius, “ *Olim nullas mihi epistolas mittis. Nihil est, (inquis) quod scribam. At hoc ipsum scribe, nihil esse quod scribas, vel solum illud, unde inci-*

*pere Priores solent, Si vales ; bene est ; ego-
valeo. Fac sciam quid agas ; quod sine soli-
tudine summa nescire non possum. Vale."*

There is no such good luck, however, for you and your compositors ; I am neither dead nor sick, but for the last three months I have been suffering under a most paralysing spell of idleness, and in such a case, *spelling* is all one is up to ; *reading* and *writing* are as much out of the question, as if they did not come by nature, as the sagacious Dogberry hath hinted. Be not alarmed, however, for this is positively the last ; *duodecima, novissima, ultimaque*.*

So many of my acquaintances from down east and other foreign parts have come to town, seeking the land of health and promise in the Virginia mountains, and speering so many questions after the best way to get there, that I feel wide awake, and somewhat disposed to afford inquiring friends some information touching that pleasant country. *O rus quando te aspiciam !*

* In this edition there are eight more last letters.

The end of my eleventh letter left us at Harper's Ferry, just after shaking the Philosopher's stone. We had an excellent dinner at Fitzsimmons's, after which the agent of the canal boat came in to engage us for his passengers in the morning; telling us we should be called at six next morning—having divined by some hidden process that we did not glory in early rising; after that veracious personage had taken himself off with our money, Mr. Fitzsimmons giving us a knowing wink, hinted that we should be routed between four and five. With that agreeable suspicion infused into our minds, we retired to our beds, which were comfortable, but alas! not long to be enjoyed; for at 3 A. M. the sable messenger of unrest, with murky dip in hand, thrust his ugly phiz into my dormitory, wearing on his careful brow a doubt of welcome, and communicating the distressing news that the Captain of the Canal Boad was collecting his passengers and baggage, to make an early start.

We found the captain and a shower of rain waiting for us. There were carriages for the ladies and baggage, to carry them dry across the bridge to the beginning of the Canal, which is on the Maryland side of the Potomac. The boat looked as if it had been borrowed of Charon for the nonce, as it had just been rescued *ab imo* by dint of bailing, whither an uncivil stone had sent it the day before, by knocking a hole in its bottom. The crew were still bailing, and as it was dark, the aquatic vehicle had a most uncomfortable appearance. There was on board a French diplomatic family, who shrugged their shoulders awfully, and looked unutterable things, but said never a word. As it was too dark and pluvio-misty to see the scenery, I tumbled into a berth and slept away an hour and six miles. In two hours we arrived at the Point of Rocks, twelve miles from Harper's Ferry, having passed through the gap in the Blue Ridge, through which the Potomac flows. The canal runs between the river and the foot of the

mountain, occupying nearly the whole space. The scenery is romantic and beautiful, and well worth a view by daylight.

The necessity of getting up before daylight and travelling twelve miles in a boat that has been sunk, will probably be obviated next summer, as it is understood that the Rail Road will be finished as far as Harper's Ferry, when additional locomotive accommodations will no doubt be found upon this route.

From the Point of Rocks to Washington the access is very easy through the canal, which is in good navigable order, and on which there is a good line of packets. The Charonic Boat goes no further than the Point of Rocks.

At the Point of Rocks we landed, got a good breakfast and took the Rail Road Cars for Baltimore at half past 8 A. M. At half past 9 we met the train from Frederick which was to carry us to Baltimore. The first half of the distance we were drawn by good horses and the last half by steam. The ap-

pearance of the country between Frederick and Ellicott's Mills is very interesting. The land is good, farms well cultivated, the houses comfortable and handsome, and the whole surface wears the aspect of long settlement and civilization. The cuts along the Rail Road, here and there, expose large masses of that beautiful pudding stone, of which are made the magnificent columns that support the dome of the Representatives' Chamber in the Capitol at Washington. We dined at Ellicott's Mills, where there are a commodious Hotel and many large manufactories. Several hours may be spent here very agreeably in viewing the scenery, and the passage of the Rail Road across the Patapsco.

We arrived at Baltimore at 4 p. m. and rested from our labours at the Fountain Inn in Light street, which we found an excellent house ; the chambers and beds being particularly comfortable. I shall say nothing of the route to Philadelphia, as its reverse is des-

cribed in my first letter, which you can read backwards, if you like.

If the traveller wishes to visit Richmond on his way to the Virginia Springs, he will leave Philadelphia at 6 A. M. in steamboat ; he will meet the Norfolk boat at about 2 P. M. in the Patapsco, into which boat he will tranship himself and baggage, and steam down the bay towards Old Point Comfort, near which, and near 6 the next morning, he will meet a boat that will take him to Richmond before night. Arrived there he will take a hack and drive immediately to the Powhatan House, which stands on the Hill fronting the Capitol. This house is beautifully situated, is spacious, airy and convenient, and is under the direction of Mrs. Duvall, who spares no pains to contribute to the comfort and satisfaction of her guests, and her efforts are always crowned with success.

Here being comfortably nestled, the traveller would do well to remain at least one week ; for Richmond contains many persons and

things worthy of attention. An excursion of twenty-five miles may be made to Petersburg, where begins a good Rail Road that leads directly into North Carolina. The Capitol, the canal walk, and the great flour mills are objects of interest.

From Richmond the traveller can reach the Springs by one of two routes—by Charlottesville to the Warm Springs; or by Lynchburg and Fincastle to the Sweet Springs. The distance to Charlottesville is about eighty-four miles and the road is pretty good. There is a good house at Powell's fourteen miles from Richmond, and about thirty miles further is another very good house kept by Mrs. Tinsley.

On the Lynchburg and Fincastle route, the traveller can visit the Natural Bridge and the Peaks of Otter, on his way to the Sweet Springs. The distance from the Sweet to the White Sulphur Springs is only sixteen miles of good road, leading by a very gradual ascent over the Allegheny Mountain. The White

Sulphur, now the lion of Virginia, and the Sweet Springs, now an ancient establishment, are barely mentioned by Mr. Jefferson in his notes. After bestowing some *lines* on the Warm and Hot Springs, he bestows the following *words* on the other two:—"The Sweet Springs are in the county of Botetourt, they are still less known. They are different also in their temperature, being as *cold as common water*." Notes on Virginia p. 50.

"We are told of a Sulphur Spring on Howard's creek of Greenbrier." Notes on Virginia, p. 51.

We are told of it now too; but it is by the thousands who have been there, and the ten thousands who are going.

I have now done Mr. Editor; I do not mean to trouble you, nor your subscribers, with any more letters; my farrago has come to an end, and I cannot refrain from saying,

*"Cum relego, scripsisse pudet, quia plurima cerno,
"Me quoque quæ fuerant iudice digna lini;"*

but if I have induced two or three to inhale the pure air of the Allegheny, or to gather sweets in mountain wood, or flowery vale,

“*Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,*”

I am content ; and conclude with a single hint to the Millionary from the East, and the Exquisite from Gotham *qui, ‘nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducit,’* not to be hasty in judging people from their outsides (*ex habitu hominem metiens,*) else in these regions, they may neglect a diamond in the rough, or reject a shell which contains a pearl.

A D D E N D U M .

BY THE EDITOR.

Northern Neck—Route to Bath—Magnesia—Water—
Maryland—Hancock—Hagerstown—Frederick—
Emmetsburg—Catholic Seminary—Nunnery—
Pennsylvania—Gettysburg—York—Susquehanna
Columbia—Lancaster.

THE unconscionable man of types hath sent his devil after me, to communicate the unwelcome intelligence that the twelfth letter is all in type, and yet there is not matter enough to fill the last form ; so that after having sunk down into an agreeable comatose state of repose, in the comfortable hope that my edito-

rial labours were ended *pro hac vice*, I am reduced to the direful necessity, at this eleventh hour, (for the press-gang will not be denied,) of again returning to my inky work.

In Morgan County, in the Northern Neck of Virginia, about six miles south of the Maryland line, where that state is not more than a mile and a half in breadth, is situated a pretty little village called Bath. Here are copious springs of almost tepid water strongly charged with magnesia, which supply a number of agreeable baths. There are two good Hotels, well prepared for the reception of visitors, a beautiful promenade laid out with much taste and planted with shady trees.

Having arrived at Winchester on your return from the Warm Springs, and being desirous of prolonging your tour, you may reach Bath in one day by a very hilly and romantic road of thirty-six miles in length. About midway on the top of a high ridge, and embowered in trees is a little tavern, where you can dine and rest your horses.

Bath is the halfway house between Baltimore and the Bedford Springs, and the company generally consists of families from Baltimore, who stop there on their way to and from Bedford, of Virginians from the neighbouring counties, and a few ubiquitary travelers like myself.

The country here about is wild and romantic, and abounds in beautiful rides and walks. Six miles to the north, just over the Potomac, is situated the town of Hancock in Maryland, on the state turnpike road, which passes through Hagerstown and Frederick. The distance to Hagerstown is twenty-eight and thence to Frederick twenty-two miles. The country is beautiful, the land good and well cultivated, and the Blue Ridge is crossed before reaching Frederick.

When you have arrived at Frederick, if you are in haste, you will take the Rail Road to Baltimore ; if not, and you wish to see the best cultivated portion of Pennsylvania, you will hire a carriage to take you to Emmetts-

burg, distant from Frederick about twenty-six miles, and one mile south of Mason & Dixon's line. The road is excellent and runs within sight of the Blue Ridge the whole distance. There is at Emmettsburgh a very good tavern to sleep at, kept by Mr. Agnew. About two miles from the town, and some distance up the side of the Blue Ridge, is the Roman Catholic Seminary, from which is a beautiful and extensive prospect. The nunnery, where dwell the pious and benevolent sisters of charity, is nearer to the town.

From Emmettsburg to Gettysburg in Pennsylvania is ten miles of rough road.

At Gettysburg you come to the Pennsylvania turnpike, a good road, which in thirty miles brings you to York, through a very interesting country. In twelve miles more you reach the noble Susquehanna, which you will cross on the new bridge, which will land you in the town of Columbia, situated at the west end of the great Rail Road. While on the bridge turn your eyes to the left, and two

miles up the river you will see the town of Marietta. The scenery on the river is enchanting; and you can spend a day very comfortably at Jeffrey's, which is a very good house.

From Columbia you can reach Philadelphia in eight hours by the Rail Road; but if you have never passed this way before, you had better travel through Lancaster County in some kind of vehicle drawn by horses, as the country is too interesting to pass through like a streak of chalk. The city of Lancaster also is worth seeing, and you will find there plenty of good cheer.

I guess my addendum is now long enough to fill up the measure of the printer's wishes; and, as I am afraid the compositors will *strike*, if the press should wait any longer, I must now make an

ERRATUM.

In page 36, line 13, for "*any come cut,*" read "*and come out.*"

EIGHT MORE
LETTERS

DESCRIPTIVE OF

THE VIRGINIA SPRINGS;

THE ROADS LEADING THERETO, AND THE

DOINGS THEREAT,

IN 1836.

WRITTEN BY

PEREGRINE PROLIX.

Epistolas quotidianis verbis texere solemus.

Cic. Fam. 9, 21.

PHILADELPHIA :

H. S. TANNER—51 SOUTH THIRD STREET.

1837.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1837,

BY H. S. TANNER,

In the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

LETTERS

OF A

TRAVELLER IN VIRGINIA.

LETTER XIII.

Departure—Trans-shipment—Chesapeake Bay—North Point and Bodkin—Mouth of Patapsco—General Ross—Dutch Galleot—Annapolis—Washington's Surrender of his Sword—Light Houses—Mild Night—Smooth Water—Spondees—Old Point Comfort—Rip Raps—Hampton Roads—Norfolk—Marine Hospital—Steamer Patrick Henry—Mouth of James River—Banks of Do.—Country Seats—Jamestown—Brandon—Cypress Trees—Westover—City Point—Appomattox—View of Richmond—Powhatan House—Expense of Journey—Monumental Church—Obsequies of Madison—Soldiery—Oration—The Capitol—Statue of Washington by Houdon—Decent Christian Costume—Beautiful Inscription on Pedestal—Ample, yet terse and true.

AT 6. A. M. on the 22d July, 1836, the steamer Ohio carried me and my companion

from Chestnut street wharf down the noble river Delaware. Having landed at New Castle, loco-moved across the peninsula, embarked in another steamer, and sped forty miles down Chesapeake Bay, at 2½ p. m. being between North Point and the Bodkin, we descried the steamer Pocahontas coming out of the river Patapsco. In ten minutes the boats had touched, we and our baggage had been trans-shipped, and we were rapidly pursuing our path through the wide waters of the Chesapeake towards the Atlantic Ocean.

The day was fine and pleasant, and the water smooth. We soon passed the Bodkin, a small island connected with the main land by a wooden bridge on piles, and having on it a light house, and a telegraph to communicate marine intelligence to Baltimore. This island forms the south side of the embouchure of the river Patapsco, of which the northern side is North Point, celebrated as the landing place of the fated General Ross.

The Bodkin and North Point are about three miles and a half asunder. Here we passed a Dutch galleot, looking dull and stupid, stem and stern much alike.

Fifteen miles below the Bodkin we passed the harbour of Annapolis, and saw towering in the distance the dome of that Capitol, in which George Washington, the great and good, set the seal to his sincerity, and finished the edifice of his glory, by voluntarily surrendering his conquering sword to the civil authority of his country.

On the western shore of the bay from the Bodkin to Hampton Roads are the following Light Houses ; Thomas's Point, Cove Point, Back River Point, Point Lookout, Smith's Point, New Point and Old Point Comfort ; and the following floating lights, Wolftrap, Mouth of Rappahannock, Mouth of Potomac, Willoughby's, and Craney Island. As the boat proceeds down the bay, keeping at a distance of two or three miles from the western shore, many islands lying near the eastern

shore are successively visible, but so distant as to look like forests growing in the water.

The night was mild and more than half moonlight, as that luminary did not set until an hour after midnight ; and the bay continued so smooth, that we might have enjoyed a good night's rest, but for the presence of troops of those little spondees* mentioned by Virgil in the fifth book of the Georgics. Old steamers seem to have a peculiar propensity to produce and protect these provoking little plagues.

At day-light we past a light just expiring in the socket, and descried Old Point Comfort in the distance. At 7 A. M. we passed into Hampton Roads between Old Point Comfort on the right or north-west, and the Rip Raps on the left or south-east, which seem to be six furlongs apart. The latter of these places is an artificial island, and they are both strongly fortified to protect this

* See Letter III. page 34.

entrance to Hampton Roads and James River from Marine attacks.

Old Point Comfort looks strong, and the Rip Raps wicked, so that a hostile vessel would find no comfort between them, but would get hard raps from Old Point, and be ripped to pieces by the missiles from the island. We proceeded into Hampton Roads until we came in sight of part of Norfolk; having on our starboard bow, one mile distant, the beautiful Naval Hospital. Here we met the steamer Patrick Henry bound from Norfolk to Richmond, which came alongside, and we were soon trans-shipped and on our way to Richmond. The wind was N.E., the morning cool and the water rough, as we passed across Hampton Roads by a N. W. course into the mouth of James River. The mouth of the river is wide, and its course very winding, and varying much in width. The southern bank is much bolder than the northern, and both are embellished with handsome country seats, to many of which are attached immense tracts

of fertile land, where old Virginia hospitality still reigns in the midst of plenty and comfort. Thirty-two miles up the river on an island near the north bank, the steamer touches at a wharf; this is the site of what was once Jamestown, and a melancholy sight it is. All the remains of this once flourishing town (the first founded by the English,) are two or three superannuated houses, the ruin of the brick tower that once supported the spire of the oldest American Episcopal church, and the last and most lasting of human dwellings, the graves in the churchyard. Passengers are landed here to go to Williamsburgh, eight miles distant in a N. E. direction, where there is an ancient and respectable college called William and Mary.

A few miles above Jamestown is the estate of Mr. Bowling, said to contain eight thousand acres. The buildings are near the river, and are extensive and handsome, and have near them the greatest ornament a country residence can possess—some old and

magnificent forest trees, whose massy trunks and wide spread arms have witnessed the rise and fall of generations. Still higher up on the northern bank is Brandon, where are the estates of several of the Harrison family, near relatives of the late distinguished candidate for the presidency. Near Brandon are many cypress trees growing on a shoal in the river, the surface of which is under water; their appearance, from its novelty, is interesting to northern eyes. Not far above this spot, the southern bank of the river is disfigured by the remains of an ill-contrived fort, built with fearful haste in 1813.

On the north side of the river some miles above, is Westover, formerly the property of the Byrds, now of the Seldens. From the river, the mansion seems to be of princely magnitude, resembling an ancient French chateau, and the domain of corresponding extent.

Forty-five miles below Richmond, near the confluence of the rivers James and Appo-

mattox is City Point, which is the head of navigation for large ships. Petersburg, a flourishing commercial town and port of entry is situated on the Appomattox twelve miles above its mouth, in Dinwiddie county, and is twenty-five miles south of Richmond. Here is the north end of a rail road sixty miles long, which runs into North Carolina, by a course a little west of south.

Above City Point the James River becomes very crooked and much narrower, and its banks increase in variety and beauty. When you first come in sight of it, Richmond is a city seated on a hill, and has the imposing aspect of a large and populous capital. It owes this first-sight dignity, in some measure, to the happy and elevated position of its capitol, which stands on Shockoe hill, and afar off has a handsome and classical appearance: when, however, you approach within criticising distance, it loses some of that enchantment which distance lends the view.

Though Richmond is not a great capital, it is nevertheless a flourishing and handsome city, and now probably contains more than eighteen thousand inhabitants, and has been the seat of some historical scenes of great dignity and importance. The distance from Hampton Roads to Richmond is rather less than one hundred and twenty miles by common estimation ; but I think it cannot exceed one hundred, as we ran it in nine hours and a half. We arrived at 4½ P. M. and found plenty of good hacks on the wharf, in one of which we drove to the Powhatan House,* where we obtained very comfortable accommodations.

The expense of transporting one person from Philadelphia to Richmond is as follows :

Fare from Philadelphia to Baltimore,	\$4 00
Breakfast and dinner, both good,	1 00
Do. from Baltimore to Norfolk, in-	
cluding meals,	6 00
	<hr/>
	\$11 00

* See Letter XII. p. 107.

amount brought up,	\$11 00
Do. from Norfolk to Richmond, in-	
cluding meals,	4 00
Porterages,	75
Hack at Richmond,	1 25
	<hr/>
	\$17 00
	<hr/>

The next day being Sunday, I went to the Monumental Church, and heard an excellent sermon from the venerable Diocesan of Virginia. This church is built on the site formerly occupied by the theatre, which was burnt in 1811, by which disaster seventy-two persons lost their lives. It is a handsome, substantial building, of octagonal form, well lighted within, and in front of its vestibule is a monument commemorative of the fire and its victims.

On the following day the inhabitants of Richmond were engaged in celebrating the obsequies of one of Virginia's most distin-

guished sons, the illustrious Madison, late President of the United States. In our happy country the indispensables of a celebration are a speech and a drum, and sometimes unfortunately, they are equally noisy and hollow. Such was not the case however on this occasion, for the oration by Mr. M^rFarland was well written and agreeably delivered; and the appearance of the military was soldierlike and respectable. A long procession, consisting of the civil officers of the state, several companies of horse and foot, and many citizens, marched to the solemn music of Pleyel's hymn, and the startling roar of artillery repeated every minute. The place selected for delivering the oration was a concave slope in the square of the capitol; of such formation as to allow a number of benches of rough boards knocked together for the nonce, to be arranged in semicircular concentric rows, rising one above the other after the manner of an ancient theatre. A stage was erected on the spot towards which

all eyes looked, whereon stood the orator, and sat some thirty dignitaries of the town. There were seats enough to contain about two thousand persons, and they were well filled with ladies and gentlemen. Where trees were wanting the auditors were protected by awnings from the scorching rays of the summer sun. The whole scene and subject were appropriate and agreeable, and the ceremonies were conducted with dignity and decorum.

The next day a friend took me through the interior of the capitol. The capitol stands on an elevated plain, near the brow of Shockoe Hill, and its front looks towards the valley of James River, and over the compact part of Richmond. The view from the portico is extensive, various and beautiful. It is a Græco-American building, having a portico at one end consisting of a colonnade, entablature and pediment, whose apical angle is rather too acute. There are windows on all sides, and doors on the two longer sides,

which are reached by high and unsightly double flights of steps placed sidewise, under which are other doors leading to the basement.

Entering by one of the upper doors, an entry leads to a square hall in the centre of the building, surmounted by a dome which transmits light from above. The Hall is about forty feet square, and about twenty-five above the floor, has a gallery running round it, in which are nine doors, communicating with various apartments. There are eight niches in the walls, in one of which is a marble bust of La Fayette. Virginia could now easily and honourably fill six of the remaining seven. Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, James Madison, James Monroe, John Randolph, and John Marshall, would almost complete the octave.

In the centre of the square hall above described, I was agreeably surprised to find a marble statute of GEORGE WASHING-

TON, on which the sculptor's legend reads
‘ *Fait par Houdon Citoyen Français, 1788.*”

The statue is mounted on a rectangular pedestal, four and an half feet high, on one of the larger sides of which is the following honest and affectionate inscription :

“ The General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Virginia, have caused this statue to be erected, as a monument of affection and gratitude to

GEORGE WASHINGTON;

who, uniting to the endowments of the Hero, the virtues of the Patriot, and exerting both in establishing the Liberties of his Country, has rendered his name dear to his Fellow Citizens, and given the world an immortal example of true Glory. Done in the year of

CHRIST

One Thousand Seven Hundred and Eighty-Eight, and in the year of the Commonwealth the Twelfth.”

The simplicity, dignity, and truth of that inscription are worthy of the great original commemorated, and of the young and chivalric state, whose ready gratitude so early

erected this lasting monument, and overflowed in language so beautiful and appropriate.

The statue (like the inscription,) is an honest Christian statue, and is decently clad in the uniform worn by an American General during the Revolution, and not half covered by the semi-barbarous and pagan toga, with throat uncovered and naked arm, as if prepared for the barber and the bleeder. It is of the size of life, and stands resting on the right foot, having the left somewhat advanced with the knee bent. The left hand rests on a bundle of fasces, on which hang a military cloak and a small sword; and against which leans a plough. The feet are plunged in whole boots, which are strapped to the knee buttons of the breeches, which are surmounted by an old-fashioned waistcoat fortified with deep flaps and most capacious pockets. Military spurs defend the heels, and a capital pair of Woodstock gloves the hands. The head wears no hat, and has the hair in the fashion of forty years ago, and looks just

like his, when he raised his hat in answer to the salutation of some humble fellow-citizen encountered in his morning walk in Chestnut Street. The attitude is natural and easy, and the likeness to the great original (whom I well remember,) is strong.

L E T T E R X I V .

State Library—Vicinity of Capitol—Destiny of Richmond—Falls of James River—Tariff—Canal—Departure—Mayo Bridge—Manchester—Road—Hopkinsville—Harris's—Butter and Cream—Coal Region—Forest—Land—Tobacco—Profitable Killing—Lynchburg Coach—Cumberland C. H.—Raine's, table better than beds—Shocking early Start—Moon—Road—New Store—Patterson's—Thirty mile Breakfast—Hilly—Chilton's—Mountainous—Lynchburg—Franklin Hotel—Singular projection—Pluto—Lex Talionis—Spitting before Roasting—New Turnpike—Exterior and Interior Driver—The Eagle's Eyry—Scow and Shower—Blue Ridge—Ascent, Descent—Darst's—Bad Road—Pioneer and Prop—Lexington.

THE several bureaux of the State Government are in the Capitol, and a spacious and convenient apartment is appropriated

to the State Library. The Library contains a well selected collection of books on almost all subjects, including English and American law. The square around the Capitol is beginning to improve, and when the trees shall be well grown, it will be a delightful promenade.

The land in the neighbourhood of the Capitol, is laid out in wide streets, crossing each other at right angles; and there are many beautiful mansions in this part of Richmond, generally separate and having large gardens. When three or four houses are built in contact, the cluster is called a tenement. From its high and airy position this locality is doubtless destined to a rapid increase.

The rapids or falls of James River extend six miles above the city, having a descent of eighty feet; which valuable water power will no doubt be brought *permanently* and *profitably* into manufacturing use, when the Tariff and its countless evils shall be forgotten. The navigation of the upper part of the river

is open to the town by means of a canal, that avoids the rapids.

At 2 p. m. of the 27th of July, I left Richmond in a good carriage furnished me by Major Duval of the Powhatan House, for a reasonable consideration, to carry me and my companion to Hopkinsville, a distance of twenty miles, where we should sleep. I had first paid for seats in the Lynchburg coach, which was to pick us up on the morrow. This was done to avoid a *too* early rising, a thing not good for man or beast, for the coach leaves Richmond at three in the morning. We crossed the river on Mayo's bridge and passed through the village of Manchester, and along a pretty good road, nearly level, and reached Hopkinsville at half past six. Hopkinsville consists of Mr. Harris's excellent tavern and his various outhouses. If there are any other buildings I was not fortunate enough to see them. Attached to the tavern is a farm of seven hundred and fifty acres, producing all sorts of good things that are

turned to very good account on Mr. Harris's table. We supped, slept, and breakfasted at this house, which excels in cleanliness, comfort and good cheer, and we saw the butter *made* for our breakfast. I verily believe, I had more thick sweet cream with my mush at supper, than the whole city of Richmond could furnish on any day of the year.

▲ The road to Hopkinsville passes through the region of Richmond Coal, and comes in contact with the Rail Road on which the coal is conveyed to Richmond. There is much forest in this region, some of which is virgin, and some has been cut, and the land cultivated, and worn out by tobacco ; two crops of which kills this land. The virgin soil is worth from five to ten dollars per acre, and the wood and tobacco pay well for the killing.

At nine the following morning the Lynchburg coach came and picked up us and our baggage, and fortunately we had plenty of room, as there were but three passengers from Richmond. We travelled thirty-seven

miles over a road generally level to Cumberland Court House, whence may be seen the mountains near Charlottesville, distant sixty miles. In thirteen miles more we arrived at Raine's, the sleeping house for the passengers going east and west. The supper here was very good, but the sleeping accommodation needs much improvement. The road to-day has been good, except in a few places where the excessive rains have made it deep,

We left Raine's at two the next morning, under the auspices of a bright and cloudless moon, that counterfeited day light beautifully. For two miles the road was a little rocky but not dangerous, and afterwards hilly, hard, and good. In twelve miles we reached New Store, and in seventeen more we came to Patterson's, where we got a good breakfast, well earned by a ride of twenty-nine miles. The country became more hilly as we increased our westing, and the road harder and better, and the scenery more beautiful and

romantic. In ten miles we passed Chilton's, and in seventeen more arrived at Lynchburg at one o'clock P. M.

For the last ten miles the road is mountainous but good, and the first sight of Lynchburg is striking and beautiful. It is seated on a hill of moderate elevation, on the south bank of James River, and you come in sight of it in descending a mountain,* looking across a beautiful intervening valley, and seeing on your right the James River, which washes the northern part of the town. The site of Lynchburg rises very rapidly as it retreats from the river, so that the streets parallel to the river are like terraces, one above another, and those which cross the others at right angles, seem almost too steep for the use of carriages. The town is well

* I was told the peaks of Otter can be seen from the western brow of this mountain when the atmosphere is clear ; I looked sharp, but could not discern them, it may be, because there were some clouds in the western heaven.

and compactly built, principally of brick houses ; it is well paved, and is furnished with good water from an artificial reservoir on the hill-top, by means of pipes running through the town.

We stopped at the Franklin Hotel kept by Mr. Morris, which would be an excellent house, if it were kept a little cleaner ; but how can a popular and much frequented house be kept clean, in a region where travelling gentlemen* whilst lying in bed, do absolutely project the salivary extract of tobacco upon the walls of their chambers ! When Pluto catches these offenders, according to the *lex talionis*, he will spit them before roasting.

At five the next morning we started on the new turnpike for Lexington, in Rockbridge County, forty miles distant from Lynchburg. During the night a copious rain had fallen, and saturated the surface of the newly made earthen road, so as to afford the advantage of

* *Dixin' ego vobis, in his esse Atticam elegantiam ?*
TER. EU. 5. 10. 45.

a layer of stiff mud four inches thick. Our speed was thus reduced to three miles an hour, though we had a light six-seat coach, four good horses, two drivers, and the wife and two children of one of them; one Jehu and his wife and children being inside the coach. He was a civil, intelligent native, and was going to take a station on the line.

In three hours and a half we reached the gap on the top of the first mountain, ten miles, where we were to breakfast. The landlord Mr. Davis, who keeps a good table, told us with a smile of exultation, that he calls his house the eagle's eyry; and a good name it is; for verily it seems perched in the clouds. This road, though mountainous, is well made, and so judiciously graded, that most of the declivities can be trotted down without locking the wheel; and in fine weather it must be very good. After travelling twelve miles further on the south side of the James, we came to the station of our interior driver, Mr. Moore, and here he left his

family ; but like a prudent man wishing to learn the nature of the route he was to drive over, before assuming the responsibility of life and death, he requested our exterior driver Mr. William Johnson, to take him up beside him on the box.*

Here we crossed the James in a scow and a shower, and on its northern bank began to ascend the Blue Ridge. The ascent and descent of this mountain afford a great variety of magnificent views, with occasionally an almost perpendicular glimpse of James River glimmering far below in the deep abyss. The turnpike winds gradually down the mountains at a *trotting dip*, and turns the sharp corners of many mountain spurs. In approaching one of these sharp

* I have mentioned the names of these drivers, because they are civil, sober and careful, and performed their duty well ; contributing much to our safety and comfort on the journey. On the route from Richmond to the Springs, and thence to Winchester, I met with but one uncivil driver : and he was an outcast from one of the northern states.

turns the road seems to end in the air, and the carriage seems about to rush into the abyss, thrilling the traveller with dread, until the turn is past, and his satisfied eye rests on the continued road.

At the western foot of the Blue Ridge the turnpike ceases, the rest of the route to Lexington not being yet finished. From this point to Lexington the road is very bad ; but there are hopes that the turnpike will be finished before 1838.

About a mile from the foot of the mountain we came to a large good-looking house, kept by Mr. Darst, (pronounced Durst by some, and Dust by others,) where we had an excellent dinner. This house is only eight miles from the Natural Bridge, and would be a convenient point of departure and return, in a trip to that wonder of wonders, if the road were good, and if Mr. Darst could furnish his visitors with carriages and horses. After we left Darst's, we experienced the great advantage of two good drivers ; for when neces-

sary, one of them alighted and acted as pioneer or prop, as occasion might require. The last six miles of the road is very rocky, resembling that between Woodstock and Winchester. At seven P. M. we arrived in safety at Lexington, and put up at the Jefferson Hotel, which we found so comfortable and well kept, that we determined to stop two nights, and on the intervening day to visit the natural bridge.

LETTER XV.

Doubtful Distance—A melanthrope—Road inconceivably bad—Purgatory—Arrived in five hours—Path into the Chasm—Natural Bridge—The Ruin of a Cave—Double Astonishment—Arch, Thickness, Width, Span, Height—Road across it—Creek under it—Points of View—Buttresses and Pinnacles—Strong Head, thick Scull—Symmetrical ellipsoidal Concave—Mush and Milk—Return to Lexington—North Mountain—Mr. and Mrs. Armentrout—Jackson's River—Tackett's.

EVERY body in this vicinity will tell you that the distance from Lexington to the Natural Bridge is twelve miles; but the shortest route is fourteen miles, six of which being supposed to be impassable, in consequence of the superabundance of rain, the driver of my hack, by name Oliver, (a *melanthrope** of great skill in his art,) pursued

* From *μελας* niger, and *ανθρωπος* homo.

a route three miles longer. Not being aware of the inconceivable badness of the road, and being naturally averse to early rising, I did not leave Lexington until nine o'clock. Oliver soon horrified me by turning into the road we travelled last evening, and informing me we must pursue it for six miles, and then take a cross road for three miles to get into the direct route. This was bad news, for in a region of bad roads, the cross roads are the worst, and are as bad as the cross women. And indeed, until within two miles of the bridge, the road is so preeminently abominable, that it has won to itself the title of purgatory, and like that uncomfortable place, when once in, it requires much whipping to get you out.

Notwithstanding the difficulties of mud and mire, rut and rock, hill and hollow, the skilful Oliver landed me safe at the house near the bridge at two P. M. A melanthropic guide conducted me immediately down a winding rocky path to the bottom of the deep

chasm, in which flows the little stream called Cedar Creek, and across the top of which from brink to brink there still extends an enormous rocky stratum, that time and gravity have moulded into a graceful arch. The bed of Cedar Creek is more than two hundred feet below the surface of the plain, and the sides of the enormous chasm, at the bottom of which the water flows, are composed of solid rock maintaining a position almost perpendicular. These adamantine walls did not seem to me to be waterworn, but suggested the idea of an enormous cavern, that in remote ages may have been covered for miles by the continuation of that stratum of which all that now remains is the arch of the Natural Bridge. I do verily believe that this stupendous object is the *ruin of a cave*, one of those antres vast, in which our limestone regions abound, and which perhaps existed previous to the upheaving of our continent, and was tenanted by Naiads, Tritons, and other worthies of the deep.

The first sensation of the beholder is one of double astonishment ; first at the absolute sublimity of the scene ; next, at the total inadequacy of the descriptions he has read, and the pictures he has seen, to produce in his mind the faintest idea of the reality. The great height gives the arch an air of grace and lightness that must be seen to be felt, and the power of speech is for a moment lost in contemplating the immense dimensions of the surrounding objects. The middle of the arch is forty-five feet in perpendicular thickness, which increases to sixty at its junctions with the vast abutments. Its top, which is covered with soil supporting shrubs of various sizes, is two hundred and ten feet high. It is sixty feet wide, and its span is almost ninety feet. Across the top passes a public road, and being in the same plane with the neighbouring country, you may cross it in a coach without being aware of the interesting pass. There are several forest trees of large dimensions growing near the edge of the creek directly

under the arch, which do not nearly reach its lowest part.

The most imposing view is from about sixty yards below the bridge close to the edge of the creek; from that position the arch appears thinner, lighter and loftier. From the edge of the creek at some distance above the bridge, you look at the thicker side of the arch, which from this point of view approaches somewhat to the gothic. A little above the bridge, on the western side of the creek, the wall of rock is broken into buttress-like masses, which rise almost perpendicularly to a height of nearly two hundred and fifty feet, terminating in separate pinnacles which overlook the bridge. It requires a strong head, (perchance a thick skull,) to stand on one of these narrow eminences and look into the yawning gulph below.

When you are exactly under the arch and cast your glances upwards, the space appears immense; and the symmetry of the ellip-

soidal concave formed by the arch and the gigantic walls from which it springs, is wonderfully pleasing. From this position the views in both directions are sublime and striking, from the immense height of the rocky walls stretching away in various curves, covered in some places by the drapery of the forest, green and graceful, and in others without a bramble or a bush, bare and blue.

I gazed upon this wondrous scene for an hour and a quarter, a period ten times too short to realize its grandeur ; but having before my eyes, (my mind's eyes, Horatio,) the fear of a bad road and a moonless night, I forced my reluctant footsteps up the hill, swallowed my mush and milk too hot with haste, and at half past three began my toilsome travel back to Lexington.

We met some heavy wagons before we arrived at the place to turn-off, and Oliver ascertaining that they came by the shortest road, inferred that he could safely return

by the same ; and by dint of tacking and veering like a ship with a head wind, without moon or lamp, he landed me safe at the Jefferson Hotel at nine P. M.

Reader, do not allow the coolness of the neighbours, or the heat of the weather, or the badness of the roads, or the goodness of your equipage, or the inertia of your disposition, or the gravity of your baggage, or the levity of your purse, or the noli-tion of your womankind, or any other creature of any other kind to prevent you from going to see the Natural Bridge ; you never saw its like before, and never will you look upon its like again. You can pass a night at Mr. Johnston's close to the bridge very comfortably. Having tried and truly tested the driving talent of the trusty Oliver, I hired him and his horses and his hack to convey us to the White Sulphur Springs, a distance of sixty-two miles, for the consideration of twenty-one dollars, and he was to find himself and his horses, and we were to pay the tolls. We left Lexington at seven

A. M. on the first of August, hoping to reach Covington before night, a distance of forty miles.

In nine miles we came to a house where we stopped one hour to bait our horses and prepare them for the ascent of the North Mountain. The road was good, and hitherto most of it was trotting ground; but now a change came o'er the nature of the road, for the ascent of the mountain is three miles in extent, and so steep, that two hours and a half were consumed in reaching the top. The ascent affords many fine views towards the east, and the frequent and necessary stops afford abundant opportunity to enjoy them. Near the top is a very short turn round the sharp angle of a lofty spur, where the road passes over a terrace supported by an almost perpendicular wall of masonry, from which is seen a most extensive and magnificent prospect. This turn is so sharp, and at such an immense elevation, that the engineer has thought it necessary to guard the dizzy brink for about fifty yards with the defence of

a low parapet wall, which is the only instance of the kind I have met with in the mountains of Virginia.

The descent of the mountain on the western side is five miles long, but the road was so good, that an hour brought us to the mountain's foot. About four miles further we came in sight of a neat looking dwelling, consisting of a string of clean cabins of various sizes, belonging to C. Armentrout a Virginia German, born here in 1770, a venerable person, and in face resembling not a little President Jackson; glory enough as the late Major Downing would say, for one old German on this mundane sphere. His wife is a Pennsylvania German, from Bucks County, who came here at an early age, and brought with her, Pennsylvania habits of industry and neatness. It was quite refreshing to see with what celerity and cheerfulness the old lady cooked us a chicken and broiled us some nice fresh eggs, and equally refreshing to eat them, and to observe how soon she

cleared away the table, had every thing in its place, and sat down to her work, the very picture of industry and thrift. Reader, when thou wendest this way, stop at Armentrout's.

Though the road is good, yet there is much hill and mountain, and the sun sank below the horizon when we were still nine miles from Covington. We had many grand mountain views, but when we came in sight of Jackson's river, the character of the scene changed from sublime to beautiful. We rode many miles along the banks of the river, and crossed it three times over substantial bridges of timber, each hanging from a single arch and protected by a roof. About eleven miles from Covington, opposite to Colonel Jordan's forge, is a section of a high hill, which exhibits a stratum of rock apparently forty feet thick, and bent into a regular elliptical arch, seemingly a quarter of a mile long, and parallel with the upper outline of the hill. At an hour after sunset we arrived at Tackett's tavern, where we were obliged to

sleep :—‘ *illius tristissima noctis imago !*’
Ovid Tristia, l. 1. 3. Travellers are informed that beds have two sides ; an inside and an outside, and the latter should be used when the former is not inviting. This house is five miles from Covington.



L E T T E R X V I .

Ford Jackson's River—Covington — Callahan's—
White Sulphur—Borrow a Cabin—Prince Metternich—Late Improvements—Statue of Hygeia—
Poisoning a Serpent—Enlargement of Dining Room—
Improvement in board—Infallible sign—Improvements in contemplation—Crowds to come—Excellence of the White Sulphur Water—Patients should be patient and prudent—Pleasant Perceptions—Daily Dose—Misty Mornings—George and Duncan—Hounds—Hunting at Home—Ancient Custom—Nimrod—Horace—Paraphrase.

THE next morning at six we started, and crossed Jackson's river for the last time by a ford, having Covington in sight on the right hand, distant a quarter of a mile. At half past eight we reached Callahan's, having

travelled ten miles and a half, over a good road. Here we stopped two hours to bait our horses and get an excellent breakfast for ourselves. The distance hence to the White Sulphur is eighteen miles, which we accomplished in five hours. On account of the heavy rains and the immense numbers of visitors to that agreeable watering place, the roads were not so good as usual. The place was overflowing with company, but a good friend from Norfolk lent us a cabin for the night, and that able and adroit prime minister Prince Metternich, promised to establish us on the morrow, in a dwelling of our own in Virginia Row, and he kept his princely word. The improvements that have been made within two years are very considerable. Alabama Row has been continued towards the north so as to leave just space enough between it and Paradise Row, for a gentleman of New Orleans to build himself a handsome two story house with a double portico, which occupies a commanding position, and finishes

the western side of the parallelogram with a fine effect. The dome over the spring is surmounted and embellished by a handsome statue of Hygiea standing on a cylindrical pedestal shaped like a Stilton cheese, having the word Hygiea engraven thereon in golden letters; the Stilton rests upon a large single Gloster, whose periphery bears the following legend: Presented by S. Henderson, Esq. of New Orleans.

The statue is a buxom, hearty, handsomelass, with her bones of pine well covered with wooden flesh and drapery, and pigment of snowy white. Her left arm is folded in the coils of a serpent, which it is probable she has just poisoned with a draught of sulphur water out of a bowl which is in her right hand. This is emblematical of the power of that excellent water to destroy all noxious diseases. The statue is a great ornament to the dome, though its attitude might have been more graceful.

The dining room has been considerably

enlarged, and the attendance of the servants of the establishment is very good: an improvement has also taken place in the rate of board, which has risen from eight to nine dollars per week. This is an infallible sign of a general improvement in the accommodations. Also, from the fact that the great isolated forest trees in the quadrangle are no longer used as coach-houses, it may plainly be inferred that the stabulary department has been considerably increased.

In addition to what is mentioned above, rumour hath bruited that many great things will be achieved before the commencement of the next season: (*Omnia jam fient, fieri quæ posse negabat. Ovid Trist. Lib. 1. El. 7. l. 7.*) That the road is to be removed farther to the east, so as to include within the magic square, Virginia Row, that of the Wolf and another row whose name I gathered not: that the old Ball Room is to be removed, and a larger and better one built with drawing rooms attached, where the

visitors can meet before and after meals to walk and talk. It is to be hoped also, that some of the innumerable stones found ready for use in the bed of Howard's Creek will be brought into the quadrangle, and carefully laid in a row in front of all the cabins ; which row should be continued to the piazza of the dining room, so that the ladies may come to dinner without walking through the mud. (*Non in muddio tutissimus ibis.*) The immense crowds that will come to the White Sulphur in 1838, (after these letters have been well circulated) will undoubtedly require an *additional* dining room and many more cabins, which the liberal proprietors will no doubt provide ; and here let it be suggested to their wisdom, that the ceiling of the new dining room should be at least fifteen feet high, and that the windows should reach nearly from top to bottom.

The healing powers of the White Sulphur water are acquiring increased reputation with every revolving summer ; and with

every sufferer from chronic disease, who is patient and prudent in their use. It is pleasant to perceive the gradual change which takes place in the countenances of your valetudinary acquaintances ; how, during the first week, the hypochondriac aspect begins to cheer ; during the second the sallow southern hue begins to shade off into a healthy white and red ; during the third, the tongue from white to red begins to turn, and finally in the fourth week the elasticity of the step and the keenness of the appetite are a double witness that the man is well. Observe, reader, these effects are produced on those who are suffering under chronic complaints of the stomach and bowels, produced by sedentary occupation, or long exposure to unhealthy climates, and who use the water prudently, as an *alterative*, and not as a *medicine*. From five to eight glasses a day are enough ; but the water should be taken for three or four weeks ; and the diet should be light, and little in quantity, and digestible

in quality. Some people erroneously suppose, that if a little is good, more is better; the Hibernian did not err more, when being told if he used a stove he would save half his fuel, exclaimed, Och then, I will use two and save it all. When the complaints are such as to require the powerful action of the bath at the Hot Springs, it is extremely beneficial, *first*, to drink the White Sulphur water three or four weeks, to improve the condition of the stomach.

When the morning is misty, the invalid should not go to the spring, but should take his ante-breakfast dose of three glasses in his chamber at six o'clock, at which hour George or Duncan is sure to bring to the cabin a pitcher of sulphur water. Thou needest not 'wake Duncan with thy knocking,' for he is always up in time.

For the young and hearty, the fine pack of hounds kept here is a great resource, and affords both exercise and pleasure. Their musical throats often rouse the sylvan echos and the

timorous deer, before the sun has shaken from his flaming hair the mists of the Atlantic ; and sometimes those who cannot partake of the spirit-stirring sport, are treated with a mimic chase and the music of the hounds at home. This is produced by an ingenious contrivance that is probably as old as the mighty hunter Nimrod. The hide of a slain deer is first drawn through the grass in such direction as the huntsman wishes the pack to pursue, and then the hounds are put upon the scent, which they follow at full speed, and in full cry. There is no new thing under the sun. Horace draws a simile from a similar custom, that no doubt was old in his time : in the second epistle of the first book, he says,

————— *Venaticus, ex quo*
Tempore cervinam pellem latravit in aulâ,
Militat in silvis cutulus.

which may be paraphrased thus,

The hide is hunted by the hound,
Before he leaves his master's ground ;
And thus is trained his dogged nose
To chase the stag, where 'er he goes.



LETTER XVII.

Trip to Lewisburg—Army, Navy and Bar in Lewis Hardon's coach—Star Hotel—Court of Appeals—An hour of a Speech—Matter and Manner—Law Books—Good Dinner—Good things shaken from the Army, Navy and Bar—Flying visit to Blue Sulphur Spring—Route—Distance twenty-five miles—Face of the Country—Great Fertility—Sinks—Fine Hotel—Cabins—Hot Water and Vapour Baths—Beautiful plain—Grove of Maples—Good Manager—Good Dinner—Blue Sulphur Water—Taste—Colour—Mysterious Deposit—White Do.—Analysis—Good Sleeping—Good Stopping Place on the way to and from Guyandotte.

ON the morning of the fifth of August, I went with a party of seven to Lewisburg. We were three from Baltimore, one from the Navy, one from Virginia, one from South

Carolina, and one from Pennsylvania ; moreover, we were one General of the land forces, one Captain of the maritime defence, two Lawyers, two Planters and one Letter-writer. We had one of Hardon's capital coaches and four, with Lewis himself to drive us, and had a pleasant and right merry ride. We arrived at Lewisburg at m., and went to the Star Hotel, an excellent house, kept by Mr. Frazer, and bespoke our dinner. We then went into the Court of Appeals, and were gratified by hearing for an hour, part of a speech from one of the leading members of the Virginia Bar ; the matter was excellent, the manner not quite so good.

Even in this remote region, there is a good collection of law books in the Court House, furnished at the expense of the State. Mr. Frazer gave us an excellent dinner, and we were home again by six p. m. If I were to put down all the good things that emanated, from the Army, the Navy, and the Bar, shaken from them, as it were, by the jolting

of the coach, there would be no room for the rest of my book. It is a pleasant ride to Lewisburg; the road being a turnpike, and too hilly to be spoilt by the rain. The road crosses the river Greenbriar and one of its tributaries, and affords some agreeable views.

On the eleventh of August I joined a party of five Baltimoreans, and at six A. M., in a coach and four chartered for the trip, we left the White, to pay a flying visit to the Blue Sulphur. We had merchants, lawyers, and a great traveller,* who had just returned from a six years' tour in Europe, Asia and Africa, having passed through Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine. We breakfasted at Lewisburg, and then continued our route on the Guyandotte turnpike for eight miles; we then turned to the left at a right angle, and travelled two miles on a good natural road, when we reached a new turnpike, which in six miles brought us to the Blue Sulphur Springs. The whole distance from the White Sulphur

* I wish I had his Diurnal, to make letters out of.

is twenty-five miles, and the road is good, though there are some very long hills.

The country between Lewisburg and the Blue Sulphur is very interesting from its curious structure and the great* fertility of the soil. Its surface, which is very elevated, is composed of rounded hills and intervening valleys, and the occurrence of sinks of various sizes is very frequent. These are large funnel-shaped hollows, that look as if they ought to be full of water, as there is no apparent passage for its escape; but the central depression is supposed to communicate by small openings with the stratum of cavernous limestone below, and thus a means is afforded for the escape of the water which falls from the clouds.

* The soil for several miles next to the Blue Sulphur is rank with richness, and the spontaneous growth along the road side, and in the angle of the worm fences is gigantic. The common rag weed which covers our stubbles in Pennsylvania in the autumn, and reaches a height of three feet or less, I saw here nine or ten feet high, and other well known weeds magnified in proportion.

The buildings at this place are a large brick Hotel, one hundred feet in front, and fifty feet deep, three stories high, with a finished garret and a three storied piazza in front wide enough to make it a convenient promenade. There is a dining room one hundred feet long, by thirty wide, well aired and lighted ; and there are two large parlours, and thirty lodging rooms. There are twenty neat frame cabins, containing two or three rooms each, and hot mineral water and vapour baths, very conveniently arranged in a brick building. On the same line of front with the hotel, distant eighty-six feet, is a two story brick building containing twelve single rooms ; the front of this building is to be increased to one hundred and forty feet, and the space between it and the hotel is to be filled with a Ball-Room and drawing-room, over which are to be lodging rooms, and in front a piazza.

In front of the Hotel is a beautiful plain, perfectly level, perhaps three hundred yards

wide, and six hundred long, flanked on both sides by mountains, and bearing near the house a delightful grove of sugar maples, and along its centre a wide smooth walk leading to the spring and baths. One of our party, who has a fine taste in drawing, left a beautiful design for a building to cover the spring ; it is to be Greek, square, presenting four fluted columns surmounted by an entablature and pediment on every side.

We arrived at this beautiful abode of the youngest of the sulphurous sisters at three p. m., a little too late for the regular dinner ; but major Vass who governs here, and whose obliging disposition is famous in these mountains, bestirred himself and his household staff with such effect, that we soon were seated at a dinner made up of an incredible number of good things, considering our geographical position ; beef, mutton, venison, fowls, potatoes, corn, tomatoes, various pastry, preserves, ice cream, and even Chinese ginger, all served to furnish forth our feast. It

is plain from what we saw and ate, that the owners and the manager of this establishment are determined to spare no expense or trouble to contribute to the comfort and enjoyment of their visitors, both sick and sane : the major is a capital caterer ; *Acceptit homo nemo melius prorsum, neque prolixius. Ter. Eu. 5. 10.*

The Blue Sulphur water, in taste, resembles the White so nearly, that the nicest palate would find it difficult to discriminate between them. The spring is not so copious as the White, but more abundant than the Salt. It is at present contained in a rectangular wooden box, about two feet wide and four feet long ; and the bottom is covered with a red *mysterious* substance, looking like that in the Red Sulphur, which lends the water a purplish hue ; and there is deposited on the sides of the box, along the edge of the water, and extending a little below, a white substance, which looks like that at the White Sulphur. A gentleman having the air of a Physician, handed us seve-

ral manuscript copies of the following general chemical examination of the Blue Sulphur water, by a celebrated chemist.

“ This water contains much free sulphuretted hydrogen, and a small quantity of nitrogen, and *carbonic acid*.

“ Thirty-two cubic inches of the water, contain about fourteen grains of solid matter, consisting of sulphate of lime, carbonate of lime, sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of soda, muriate of soda, muriate of magnesia, with a trace of organic matter, sulphur, &c.

“ The deposit, which is of a purplish colour, is analogous to that of the Red Sulphur, and some other springs in this state ; and is a peculiar organic matter mingled with a trace of sulphur.

“ It is of the nature of a substance, found in some of the sulphuretted waters of France and Spain, and is called *Glairine*, or *Glarea*.”

“ The above analysis was taken from

“ twelve bottles of water sent to Professor
“ Rogers at Charlottesville.”

The chambers are furnished with good thick hair matrasses not yet invaded by the fleas, and he that sleeps on one of them, *non flebit* in the morning. After a good night's rest we took an early breakfast and left the Blue Sulphur at seven A. M., dined at Lewisburg and reached the White Sulphur at three P. M., having enjoyed a very pleasant excursion. The position of the Blue Sulphur is such as to make it very convenient for those who come by way of Guyandotte to visit the White Sulphur, to stop a few days, to ascertain by letter whether they can get in at the latter place ; for visiters arriving there unexpected are sometimes put to the inconvenience of taking refuge in a tavern distant several miles.



LETTER XVIII.

Black Sulphur Spring—Lymnæa—Bad Weather—
Departure—Callahan's—Good House—Son of Den-
nis—Fine Farm—Its Products—Allegheny—
Dickson's New White Sulphur—Route to Hot
Springs—Potent Waters—Immense Crowds coming
next Summer—Water just hot enough—Hot Spring
of Carlsbad in Bohemia—Great Geiser—Bath in
England—Aix La Chapelle—Barege—Wiesbaden—
Ancient Faith in Thermal Springs—Roman Baths—
The place should be called Thermopolis—Hot
Springs at Thermopylæ—Orientals, not subject to
the caprice of fashion; why—Pococke—Prusa—
Turks—Hot Springs of Palestine—Pliny's opinion—
Callirhoe—Log Cabins in Asia Minor.

ABOUT twenty yards from the principal
White Sulphur Spring is another of similar
water under a plain shed, which a witty
friend and fellow-townsmen was wont to call

the Black Sulphur Spring, because it was exclusively used by the Melanthropes. In a little swamp in contact with the foundation of the shed, and supplied with the same water, there are thousands of a small species of *Lymnæa* about three-sixteenths of an inch in length. My science is not large enough to determine whether it is new or not.

During this season, the weather has been very unfavourable for the Springs; the superabundance of rain having caused the roads to be much cut up in some level places; and confined the visitors to their cabins much more than is agreeable. During my stay at the White Sulphur it rained nearly every day either in the morning or afternoon, though not the whole day; and the *weatherwise* remark, that a thick morning mist is generally the harbinger of a fine day; but by the *otherwise* this is doubted. We found a fire necessary almost every morning and evening.

Having remained twelve days (only half long enough,) at the White Sulphur, with

great benefit to two or three of my complaints, I left that beautiful place, and its multifarious and agreeable crowd "*inter spem curamque, timores inter et iras*,"* at ten A. M. on the fourteenth of August, to go to the Hot Springs to try the virtues of the boiler and the spout, for the rest of my physical ills. The road being pretty good, we reached Callahan's at one P. M., where finding pleasant chambers and everything else *comme il faut*, we determined to remain all night.

The present proprietor of this establishment, Mr. Callahan, who keeps an excellent house at very reasonable charges, was born here in 1788, and is the son of that worthy and facetious Hibernian, Dennis Callahan, who settled in this valley in 1787. The farm now consists of nine hundred and fifty acres, much of which is good land and well improved, and produces good beef, mutton, fowls, eggs, butter, cream, corn, tomatos, potatos and

* Hor. Ep. 4, Lib. 1.

bread, all of which fill their allotted posts upon the table very agreeably to the eye and to the appetite. We dined, supped, slept and breakfasted very satisfactorily, being charged one dollar and a quarter apiece.

The distance from the White Sulphur is eighteen miles, in passing which you cross the main ridge of the Allegheny Mountain, thus leaving the basin of the Ohio, and entering that of the James River. There runs by Callahan's a rivulet, whose waters flow into the Atlantic through Jackson's River and the James; while those of Howard's Creek, which flows by the White Sulphur, seek the Ohio, through the Greenbrier and the Great Kenhawa. The ascent and descent of the mountain is very easy, and the road is good. Two and a half miles from Callahan's is Mr. Dickson's tavern, at which there is a Sulphur Spring. He calls it the New White Sulphur; it is a pleasant, cool water, and tastes of sulphuretted hydrogen.

After an early breakfast, we left Callahan's

at 7 A. M. and did not reach the Hot Springs, until one P. M., in consequence of the level parts of the road, which are long and frequent, being much cut up, though the distance is but twenty-two miles. We found the establishment overflowing with visitors, besides many out-door patients waiting to enter ; but having engaged a room a week before, we were so fortunate as to get in. The curative powers of these thermal waters have increased so much in reputation within two years, that the place has been crowded during the whole season ; and unless the worthy proprietor uses every effort, and invests no small sum in additional accommodations, he will not be able to receive one half of the visitors who will throng here next summer.

As regards benefits done to suffering humanity, this is undoubtedly one of the most interesting localities in the world. The waters are abundant, and exhibit the exact degree of heat that is proper to produce a quick and beneficial action on the human system, when

externally applied ; and they hold in solution such matters, and in such quantity, as to make them very wholesome when internally taken.

Most of the large springs, at their points of issue from the earth, exhibit the temperature of 106° of Fahrenheit ; which is about as hot as one can bear to get into, and communicates a slight scalding sensation to the skin until the person is chin-deep, when there is a feeling of comfort, and in fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five minutes, (according to the bather's idiosyncrasy,) a profuse perspiration breaks out. If the water were hotter, it would be necessary to reduce its temperature by drawing it off into a bath at some distance from the source, and thus it might lose some of its valuable volatile contents, before the body could be immersed : on the other hand, if the water were cooler, it would not produce the required sweat.

There are many springs in the other hemisphere hotter than these in various degrees,

and perhaps on that account not so valuable; and containing in solution various salts in much larger quantities, and perhaps for that reason, dangerous in the use.

The hot spring of Carlsbad (Charles's Bath) in Bohemia, which was discovered by the Emperor Charles IV. in the year 1370, issues with great violence through a stalactitic aperture which the water itself has deposited, and has, since its discovery, invariably exhibited the temperature of 165° of Fahrenheit, and probably has been of the same heat ever since the last great cataclysm. One hundred cubic inches of this water contains 32 cubic inches of carbonic acid, and $158\frac{5}{8}$ grains of solid matter, consisting of

Dry Carbonate of Soda,	39 grs.
(equal to $107\frac{1}{2}$ gr. when chrys-	
tallised.)	

 39

	(brought up)	39	grs.
Dry Sulphate of Soda,		70 $\frac{1}{2}$	“
(equal to 168 gr. when chrys-			
tallised,)			
Muriate of Soda,		34 $\frac{1}{2}$	“
Carbonate of Lime,		12	“
Silex,		2 $\frac{1}{2}$	“
Oxyde of Iron, about		$\frac{1}{8}$	“
		<hr/>	
		158 $\frac{5}{8}$	
		<hr/>	

The temperature of this water must be reduced before it can be used either internally or externally, and in cooling it rapidly loses its carbonate of lime and oxyde of iron. It is so abundant, as to throw out in one year more than three millions of cubic feet of water, and 700,000 pounds of chrystallised carbonate of soda, 1,100,000 pounds of chrys-tallised sulphate of soda, 230,000 pounds of muriate of soda, and 990,000 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas.

This is perhaps the most remarkable thermal spring in the world, if the great Geyser in Iceland be excepted; which by fits and starts throws a column of boiling water several feet in diameter to a perpendicular height of eighty or ninety feet.

The celebrated hot spring at Bath in England, which has been used for twenty centuries successively by Briton, Roman, Saxon, Dane, Norman, Whig and Tory, possesses a temperature of 116° .

At Aix la Chapelle, the favourite city of Charlemagne, the principal spring has a heat of 143° .

At Barege in France are four thermal springs, ranging from 73° to 120° .

At Wiesbaden, in the Duchy of Nassau, in Germany, there are fourteen hot springs, the hottest of which reaches 151° . A friend who has visited Wiesbaden informed me that the water of the Hot Spring tastes very much like hot mutton broth, and as you sip it requires cooling in like manner with the breath.

Natural hot springs were held in such high repute by Greek, Roman and Barbarian, both for retaining and restoring health, that enormous sums of money were expended in erecting magnificent and convenient baths, both for the use of the public, and for individual enjoyment ; and the remains of the baths of Caracalla and Diocletian are among the most wonderful of the wonders of Italian antiquity.

Many of the hot baths in Europe, that are now the most fashionable and most frequented, were known to the ancient Romans, were improved by them with costly edifices, and some of them occupied as military stations for several centuries. It is supposed that those conquerors took possession of Bath in England, about the middle of the first century, in the reign of the Emperor Claudius. They called it *Aquæ Solis*, made it a military station, and a fortified city, and enjoyed the luxury and healing virtues

of its baths and springs, for a period of nearly four hundred years.

The faith of the ancients in the healing virtues of thermal springs has descended so undiminished to the nations of modern Europe, that crowds of annual visiters throng the hot springs of Germany, France, and England, and splendid cities have grown up around them, replete with all the elegances, comforts and amusements, of fashion, art and science.

A similar destiny is no doubt in reserve for the Hot Springs in Bath county Virginia ; and before many years the romantic and forest-covered hills that bound the beautiful valley whence the thermal waters gush, will be traversed by streets, and crowned by rows of elegant houses.

It would be worth the proprietor's while to employ a skilful engineer to lay out the plat of a town, in such a manner that the streets and houses should occupy convenient places and handsome sites, and not in any wise

interfere with that part of the ground where the hot springs rise. The town should be called Thermopolis, from θερμός *calidus*, (whence *thermæ* hot baths), and πόλις a city or town. The celebrated pass, where the brave Leonidas and his band of Spartans paid their country's ransom with their lives, was called Thermopylæ, (απο θερμων πυλων i. e. *calidis portis, nempe angustiis*,) from the hot springs which rise there. The authentic Pococke who visited Thermopylæ one hundred years ago, says, "I observed
 "two sources of hot waters, which are salt
 "and impregnated with sulphur; they
 "incrust the ground with a salt sulphurous
 "substance:" *Pococke's Decs. of the East, Vol. 2. pt. 2. p. 156.* The same hot stream, which twenty-three centuries ago, laved and strengthened the manly person of the Spartan hero for the most honourable battle of antiquity, still flows to refresh the weary limbs of the marauding and independent Klepht.

During the dark ages, which barbarized

Europe, bathing as a splendid luxury went out of fashion, and the magnificent Thermæ of the Romans, were suffered to crumble into ruins; but the Orientals, the Turks, and the trans-Helespontine nations, from Stamboul to the Ganges, whose customs change not, and who are free from the tyranny of fashion, (perhaps, because they incarcerate the ladies,) still preserve their extensive bathing houses, and use them both for health and pleasure.

It is probable that some of the ancient founders of eastern Empires, chose the sites of their capitals from the proximity of thermal waters. The City of Prusa was built by Prusias, the contemporary of the great Cyrus and the rich Cræsus, and was made the capital of the kingdom of Bithynia: its watery wealth one hundred years since, is thus described by the veritable Pococke; “The
“ great number of springs that rise all over
“ the city make it a very pleasant place,
“ some flow in large streams, and one in
“ particular comes out of the mountain at the

“ castle, like a small rivulet, where the Turks
“ sit in the shade, and where every thing is
“ sold which they delight in. There are
“ several baths to the west of the town which
“ are very famous, and have always been
“ much frequented; in one called Cara-
“ Mustapha there is a spring of *cold* water,
“ and another of hot water within the *same*
“ *room*. That called Jeneh-Coplujah (the
“ New Spring) is the largest and most
“ beautiful bath; it is a fine building, a large
“ spring rises in the middle of it, and two *very*
“ *hot* streams run through the room; near
“ it there is a small bagnio, called the Jews’
“ Bagnio: from this we went to a warm
“ water, esteemed holy by the Greeks, and is
“ called Aie Theodory. All the waters are
“ taken inwardly as well as used for bathing.”
Descn. of the East, Vol. 2, pt. 2, p. 120.

In 1328, this delightful city, then in the eighteenth century of its age, was made by Sultan Orchan the son of Othman, the capital of his empire; and its modern name

of Bursa, still forms a part of the glory of the grand Turk's title.

The same industrious traveller, in describing the western coast of the Lake of Gennesaret in Palestine, says : " There are
" hot baths a quarter of a mile south of the
" walls of old Tiberias ; I observed a red
" settlement on the stones ; the waters are
" *very hot*, and are used for bathing, being
" esteemed good for all sorts of pains and
" tumours, and they say, even for gout." *Po-
cocke's Dis. of the East*, vol. 2, p. 69.

The same waters were considered excellent by Pliny, who was the greatest authority of his age in matters of natural science. In speaking of the cities surrounding the Lake of Gennesaret, he says ;—" *ab occidente
" Tiberiade aquis calidis salubri :*" on the west is Tiberias, healthy on account of its thermal springs. *Plin. Nat. Hist. l. 5. c. 15.* He also expresses a similar opinion of the thermal waters of Callirhoe a fountain on the eastern side of Lake Asphaltites or the

Dead Sea: "*Eodem latere est calidus fons*
 "*medicæ salubritatis Callirhoe, aquarum*
 "*gloriam ipso nomine præferens:*" On
 the same side is Callirhoe,* a hot spring of
 healing power, showing the excellence of its
 waters by its very name. *Plin. Nat. Hist. l.*
5. c. 16. About thirty miles north of Angora,
 "We lay, (says Pocock,) at a village in
 "which the houses are made of entire
 "fir trees.† We went four miles to some
 "waters which are stronger and hotter than
 "the others, insomuch that the *first entrance*
 "gives some pain; they are called
 "Sha-Hamam; among many other virtues,
 "they have performed wonderful cures in
 "dropsy." *Descr. of the East, V. 2. pt. 2.*
p. 92.

These waters must be of about the
 same temperature as those of our Ther-

* Beautiful stream, from *καλος* pulcher, *γεω* fluo.

† No doubt, these were log cabins, like unto the
 pristine wigwams at the Virginia Springs, whose only
 room our ancestors were wont to share with the abori-
 ginal rattlesnakes.

mopolis; for in them the *first entrance gives some pain*. The particular Pococke could not have described the effect of immersion better, if he had been here and dipped his travelled person. Let us infer therefore that our thermæ are also antidropsical.

L E T T E R X I X .

Return to our sheep—Parlour pleasures of anticipation and reminiscence—Dining-Room—New brick cabins —Department of bathing—Gentleman's spout Bath —Do. Sweat Bath or Boiler—Lady's Boiler—Do. Spout Bath—Superb Epicene Pleasure Bath—Effects of Hot Spouts—Ten Pins—Consumption of Time —Tranquil amusements —Getting well —Wonderful Labyrinthine Cave—Contents of Hot Spring Water — Fact and Fiction —Crutches—Dismals—Cheerfuls—Legs—Fat Faces—Pot-hooks —Vegitable Prospects.

MANY more descriptions of Hot Springs existing in the old triple continent, and authentic accounts of their sanative powers might be cited, but as the reader must be by this time fully convinced of their great im-

portance to valitudinarians, we will *return to our sheep*, and tell him all the news of our new town of Thermopolis.

Since 1834 an additional parlour of convenient size has been provided in the Hotel, in which ladies and gentlemen may meet before and after meals, to enjoy the pleasures of anticipation and reminiscence, seasoned with agreeable chat; and the dining-room itself has been considerably enlarged, is airy and comfortable, and thrice a day is supplied with a great variety of wholesome viands, well adapted to assist in promoting the cure of both hunger and disease.

A number of neat brick cabins, each containing several comfortable rooms have been erected, and great improvements have taken place in the bathing department.

The Gentleman's Hot Spout Bath has been remodelled and four dressing rooms attached to it. This bath is about eighteen feet square and five feet deep, and is supplied by a spout which constantly pours into the bath

a stream of water of 106 degrees of temperature, falling from a height of 4 or 5 feet above the surface of the pool, in which the heat of the water is 103 degrees.

The Gentleman's Boiler or Sweat Bath always exhibits a temperature of 106 degrees, and is large enough to allow four persons to bathe together.

The Lady's Baths are contained in a new and convenient building, with dressing rooms, and are two in number, viz ;

The Lady's Boiler, having a temperature
of 103°

“ “ Hot Spout, “ 106°

In addition to the four baths above-mentioned, there is another of great size, supplied by very copious hot springs lately discovered ; this is called the Pleasure Bath, and is contained in an octagonal pool, whose periphery is ninety feet, depth five feet, and diameter thirty feet : there are two spouts of two inches diameter constantly pouring streams of hot water into the pool : the temperature of

the water in the pool is between 98° and 99° , and the whole is covered by an octagonal building, furnished with a dressing room: this bath is to be used alternately by ladies and gentlemen, for periods of two hours.

The beneficial effects of hot spouts topically applied, are so miraculous, in many painful and obstinate complaints, that words cannot adequately describe them; therefore the prisoners of pain are strongly recommended to expose their rheumatic joints, gouty toes, and enlarged livers, to the comfortable outpourings of these healing streams.

There is near the hotel a ten-pin alley, in which convalescents can exercise and strengthen the long unused limbs that the hot water has freed from the shackles of rheumatism. A moderate dose of this exercise, taken an hour after breakfast is a good preparative for either of the baths.

Time is consumed here as it should be where invalids do congregate, in tranquil amusements; of which the most interesting

is *getting well* ; then comes talking, walking, and chess, eating riding and sleeping ; and all these comforts can be enjoyed in peace and quiet, on account of the good regulations and cleanliness of the establishment.

A great source of amusement to the young and adventurous has lately been discovered in a magnificent cave, the entrance to which is above the cold spring ; and as it has not yet been fully explored, there is yet room for daring adventure to make new and brilliant discoveries. In entering the cave you first descend perpendicularly twenty-four feet to the bottom of the first chamber ; then you proceed horizontally twenty-nine feet along a gallery, ten feet wide and six feet high ; then through the second, to the bottom of the third chamber, descending thirty feet at an angle of about 45° ; you then descend twenty feet nearly perpendicularly into a perfect labyrinth, having five different openings, one of which leads by a gentle rise twenty-five feet in length, to a large chamber one

hundred feet long, sixty feet high and thirty-five feet wide. From the labyrinth to this chamber there is another communication by a circuitous route. In the floor of the large chamber are numerous openings, leading to lower deeps below ; one of which is nearly circular, is five feet in diameter, and perpendicular for thirty feet, and then gradually slopes off to an unknown distance ; but a stone thrown in, shows that the bottom of the chamber below cannot be at a less distance than one hundred feet. The further exploration of this wonderful cavern will be a source of much amusement to those who possess curiosity and nerve enough to undertake the adventure.

The water of the Hot Springs contains nitrogen and carbonic acid ; carbonate of lime, sulphate of lime, sulphate of soda, sulphate of magnesia, muriate of soda, silica, and a trace of oxide of iron. It may be taken internally with much advan-

tage, particularly as a sure and gentle diuretic.

The gay folks collected at the White Sulphur and elsewhere, will tell you that Thermopolis is a gloomy looking place, peopled with ghastly figures hobbling about on crutches, making just such a noise in going up stairs as the statue did, when he came to sup with Don Juan. You must not be alarmed at this picture, which is a mixture of truth and fiction: it is true that people do come on crutches looking dismal, but then they go away on legs, with their fattened faces wreathed in smiles: they come with limbs stiffened into pot-hooks and hangers, and depart endowed with a good *jointure*: they come like shadows, but do not so depart.

A day at Thermopolis commences at 6 A. M., when a servant taps at your door with a pitcher of Hot Spring water, and makes your fire if you wish; you drink three glasses, then turn on your other side and

sleep again ; at 7 you arise and dress for breakfast, which happens about eight ; after that, those who can walk, saunter about and play ten-pins, and those who cannot walk, play chess, or read or chat ; at ten you begin to think of the spout or boiler, and to make preparations for the serious business of bathing, which most effectually and agreeably kills the rest of the morning. After bathing you should lie down for half an hour, then put on dry clothes, and in a few minutes the dinner bell's merry note will tickle your expecting ear ; you should eat a little mutton or chicken with rice and stale bread, and for dessert stewed apples or peaches. By-the-bye, it is reported and believed, that in the ensuing season there will be a pretty smart chance of tomatos and ochra, the best things in the world for both sick and sane. After dinner the wise take a little nap and then a little ride or walk ; and then every body expects the mail ; all ears are opened for news, and the deputy post master

is the most popular of people ; perhaps the mail coach sets down some friend you wished to see, or takes some away you are loth to part withal ; or perhaps it has been overset, and nobody hurt, all which are stirring incidents in a Thermopolitan day : supper happens at seven, and two hours are passed *ab libitum*, and then every body being well tired, they begin to retire, and by ten the day is over and the household wrapped in sleep.



L E T T E R X X .

Road from White to Salt—Salt Sulphur Springs—Improvements—Dining Room—Lodging Rooms—Cabins—Large Stone Building—Great Portico—Episcopal Church—Road from Salt to Red—Red Sulphur Springs—Water—Its use—Valley and Plain—Buildings—Hotel—Carolina Building—Society Hall—Cabins—Extensive Accommodations—Gray Sulphur Springs—Departure—Road—Morning View—Mon. L'Ange—The Washington—The Swan—Woodstock—Winchester—Taylor's Hotel—Rail Road—An Arkansawyer—Soliliquy—Good Advice.

THE distance from the White to the Salt Sulphur, by the direct route is twenty-four miles, and within the last two years nearly the whole of the road has been put into a good condition, so as to bring that comfortable place, so famous for its good supplies, within a morning's ride of the White Sulphur.

Within the same period the buildings and other accommodations have increased in an

extraordinary manner. The dining room is now one hundred and sixty feet long by thirty-four wide, with a second story laid off in lodging rooms. The row of ancient cabins that stood on the plain in front of the old hotel, have been removed to the rising ground beyond the creek, and the road has been placed higher up the hill so as to include the row of removed cabins. On the hill near the hither end of Nullification Row, a stone building has been erected 206 feet long, 33 feet wide, and three stories high, besides a basement, with a piazza in front 12 feet wide.

The two lower stories contain 44 rooms for families, and a large drawing room; and the third story contains 24 rooms for batchelors, all of which are furnished with fire places. The basement contains rooms for servants. The portico three stories high and running the whole length of the buildings affords a convenient promenade both for good and bad weather. The plain intervening between the buildings has

been handsomely laid out in walks and planted with trees for ornament and shade. The building of an Episcopal Church is to be commenced early this Spring, and it is hoped that it will be ready for the performance of Divine Service during the ensuing season.

The worthy proprietors of the Salt Sulphur Springs now possess the means of accommodating comfortably and conveniently, at least three hundred visitors.

At the distance of eighteen miles from the Salt Sulphur, in a direction a little north of west, is situate the Red Sulphur Spring, one of the most interesting spots in the mountains of Virginia. The road is a good turnpike, and traverses a wild and beautifully romantic country. The intelligent proprietor, during the last two years, has spared no expense in improving the natural beauties and increasing the artificial accommodations of his valuable establishment.

This beautiful spring rises very near the bank of a little mountain stream called

Fitzpatrick's Run, which after traversing the valley of the Red Sulphur from south to north, turns to the west and falls into Indian Creek, one of the minor tributaries of New River, as the great Kanawha is called above the point at which it receives Gauley River. The internal use of this water has long been considered as beneficial in cases having a tendency to consumption in consequence of the retarding power it exercises upon a rapid pulse. It is very strongly impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen, and being quite cool, is very agreeable to those palates that are accustomed to the flavour of the sulphur waters; and being mildly cathartic and diuretic is very soothing and beneficial to systems that are in a feverish condition.

The valley runs from north to south, being surrounded by high and steep mountain tops, which enclose a plain about six hundred feet long, and varying in breadth from one hundred and fifty, to two hundred feet. The mountains are shaded by trees, and one of them is laid

out in winding walks leading to a pavilion on the summit. The features of this beautiful spot strongly recall to mind the description given by Horace of his delightful retreat, particularly the

“*Fons——rivo dare nomen idoneus,——*

Infirmo capiti fluit utilis, utilis alvo.”

Epist. 16, Lib. 1.

The little valley has been laid out, and the buildings planned and arranged with taste and judgment. The large Hotel, in which is the dining room, is on the western side of the valley, and it is 115 feet long and 54 feet wide, with basement and piazza. North of the hotel ranging along the run are ten buildings of various dimensions, one of which contains hot and cold sulphur baths, and shower baths. On the eastern side of the valley, is Carolina building, two stories high, 112 feet long, and 29 feet wide, and having a colonnade in front, which is continued along Batchelors' Row and Philadelphia Row,

adjoining on the south, making the whole length of the colonnade 416 feet.

Behind Batchelors' Row and sufficiently elevated on the hill to appear over the roof of the same, is Society Hall, a handsome building, 80 feet long, and 30 feet wide having two stories and a basement, a portico $12\frac{1}{2}$ feet wide, and a terrace in front 19 feet wide.

About 110 feet south of the hotel is the spring, covered by an octagon building, the second story of which is used as a Chapel. At the distance of 100 feet further south, commences a row of cabins extending 264 feet, having a continuous porch along the whole front, called Alabama Row. Still further south are several other buildings, one of which is a ten-pin alley 77 feet long; one a saw-mill, and one a carpenter's shop.

About 100 yards north of the hotel are two stables, one of which is 80 by 46 feet, and the other 59 by 44; and near these are a granary and a large store.

The sleeping accommodations are excellent; and the table is supplied in the best manner, both with solid viands and the various products of the garden.

Nine miles from this interesting spot, in a direction nearly south, is the Gray Sulphur Spring now in the third year of its age. This establishment is entirely southern in its character, and is therefore the more interesting to travellers from the north. It has made rapid progress in improvement and has now accommodations for a large company, and no traveller from the north of Maryland will regret having made his journey nine miles longer, for the purpose of enjoying the comforts and good society he will find at the Gray Sulphur Springs.

Having spent nineteen days very pleasantly and beneficially to my health at Thermopolis, and taken eight Boilers and eleven Spouts, I chartered a hack and pair to carry us to Harrisonburgh. At 6 A. M. on Saturday the the third of September, we left the Hot

Springs, having first taken a rapid breakfast. The road to the Warm Springs was very good, and at 7½ A. M. we began to ascend the western side of the Warm Spring Mountain ; and as we ascended, the verdant valley we were leaving opened beautifully and extensively on our view, spotted here and there with fleecy mounds of snowy mist.

We soon reached the mountain top, when the splendid eastern view broke upon our delighted vision, bathed in all the sun-lit glories of an American autumnal morn ; the mountain ridges clad in their dark green forests, projected their enormous masses into the clear expanse in bold relief, rising like a multitude of islands from an ocean of snowy foamy mist, which still filled and hid the valleys far below.

As the sun increased in height and power, the mists began to rise and soon floated off in fleecy clouds. The ride down the eastern declivity of the mountain is delightful, from the gentleness of the descent, the goodness of

the road, and the beauty, variety, and grandeur of the views. The road was good as far as Cloverdale, where we obtained a good dinner. Having now come to a plain country, we met with some patches of very bad road, and it required three hours to overcome the six miles that brought us to the excellent *hôtellerie* of Monsieur le Capitaine Lange. Besides his excellent French coffee and omelets, the captain has a nice, clean, comfortable house, part of which is new: and the chamber we slept in with wooden walls and ceiling was as sweet as the cedars of Libanus.

I wished to restore what I guess was the ancient mode of writing his name, and proposed to apostrophise the old gentleman thus, (L'Ange) and suggested that he should convert the pagan Pocahontas, that swings upon his sign, into an Angel, which would then be indicative both of the man and his inn; but modesty induced the venerable captain to decline the double metamorphosis.

During the last war Monsieur Lange led a company of patriotic volunteers to the sea-board to repel the invading Briton, and ever since he has retained the title of captain, not having been fortunate enough to kill a rattlesnake and thereby to reach the rank of major.

After a comfortable night's rest at the Angel, we took an early start, and after three and a half hours of hard labour through ten miles of horrid road, we reached Garber's, which is a good house both for eating and sleeping. We left Garber's at 10 A. M., and passing $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles over a good road, we came to a fork, the right hand prong leading to Staunton, and the left to Harrisonburgh, as we were bound to the latter place, the left was right for us, and so we left the right. Here begins a new turnpike, which is finished for five miles, and is very good; then follow six miles of indifferent natural road; and then eleven miles of good turnpike which ends at Harrisonburgh. We reached that village

at 7 p. m., and stopped at the Washington. This is an excellent house ; good supper, good beds, good breakfast and good major-domo.

It rained potently all night, and therefore I discharged my hack, opining it were better to confide in the greater strength of the stage-coach, and in the superior skill of the driver thereof. The Staunton coach did not arrive until 11 A. M., having suffered a runaway, from the driver having been jolted off the box ; and there being but three passengers, we took possession of the back-seat, which was politely yielded to us, on account of my elderly and convalescent aspect. The copious rain had converted the naturally bad road into one great quaggy mass of mud and stones, which made our rate of motion less than four miles an hour.

Our fellow-passengers were an army-officer, a Harrisonburger and an Arkansawyer. The last was a rough, unkempt, good-looking manly fellow, six feet two inches high, a Vir-

ginian by birth, who had left his native state six and twenty years ago, to seek his fortune in the boundless west. His parents were still living in Virginia, and he was on his way to make them his first visit. This was the first journey he had ever taken in a stage-coach, and the confinement and risque of bones were very irksome to him.

We got a dinner at New Market, not worth the time we lost in waiting for it, and arrived at Mount Jackson at half past five, P. M. We changed horses at the Swan,* kept by Mrs. Stewart, who has enlarged her house, which exhibits every indication of comfort and plenty. About sunset it began to rain, and soon became pitchy dark, and before the lamps were lighted, our Arkansawyer expressed his unhappiness in the following out-pouring or *quasi* soliloquy: “It was the first
“time, and it should be the last he would
“ever get into such a fix; shut up in a dark

* See Letter X. pages 90 and 91.

“box, tumbling about every which way, and
“every minute liable to break one’s neck,
“without being able to see how to help it;
“give him a Bowie knife and he had rather
“fight a bear. His mother used to say ; my
“son, never go into any place blindfold ;
“always have your eyes about you. That
“was good advice, and he had always kept it
“until that night, and he always will keep it
“hereafter. Nobody shall ever catch him in
“such another fix.” This gentleman was
full of sense, mother-wit, kind-heartedness and
good-humour ; well versed in the politics of
his locality ; and his wild appearance, the
quaintness of his western idiom, and the raci-
ness of his observations, made him quite an
interesting character ; and his leaving the
coach was matter of regret with his fellow-
travellers.

By dint of lamps and careful driving, we
reached Woodstock in safety at nine, P. M.,
and supped and lodged at Reamer’s, a first-
rate house. At 5½ A. M. the next morning we

left Woodstock, had fine weather, rough roads, and reached Strasburg in twelve miles and three hours, where we got a tolerable breakfast in an uncomfortable house. The house was comfortless because there was no fire in the parlour, and for want of that, the whole establishment had the air of Boothia Felix, and half the livers in Strasburgh seemed dying of ague, no doubt because they do not light fires on a raw morning; and if the morning be *raw*, no matter how well the breakfast may be *cooked*, nothing will go down well without a cheerful fire.

Six miles from Strasburg is Newtown, where there is a good inn; and twelve miles further is Winchester, where we arrived at noon. We stopped at Taylor's Hotel, which is certainly one of the best in the United States, and may fairly be ranked with the Tremont House in Boston, and the Worcester House in Worcester, Massachusetts; excelling them both in the material point of cheapness. The Hotel consists of a large

three-story brick building with a treble portico fronting on the street; to which is attached an extensive back-building, two stories high, enclosing a hollow square, having on its interior sides a portico of two stories. The portico is surrounded by private parlours and lodging-rooms, airy, light, and of convenient size. There are sixty-two lodging-rooms, three private parlours, one public parlour for gentlemen, one large drawing-room for ladies, and a very large dining room. The fare and cooking are of the best quality.

Rate of board at the ordinary, \$1 per day, or \$5 per week.

Rate of board, with private parlour and table, \$2 per day, or \$10 per week.

Annual board at the ordinary with single chamber, \$175.

Winchester is a well-built, thrifty looking town, and its population is supposed to exceed four thousand.

We left Winchester at 8 A. M. on the Rail

Road for Harper's Ferry, a distance of thirty miles, through a pleasant country. The cars are good and well regulated, and are drawn by a locomotive at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. The road appears to be well made, and suffers the cars to glide smoothly along. We stopped an hour at Harper's Ferry* at Mr. Fitzsimmons', who has moved into a house on the west side of the street, the inside of which performs much more than the outside promises.

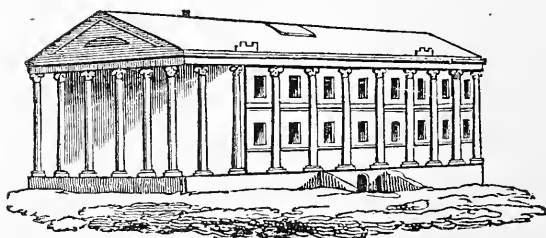
The delay of an hour here is worse than useless, as it affords no opportunity of contemplating the beauties of the scenery, (which would consume a day,) and it makes the arrival at Baltimore inconveniently late. We walked across the Potomac on the bridge, and took our seats in the car on the Baltimore and Ohio Rail Road at 11 A. M., and were soon on our way to the Point of Rocks, drawn by horses.

* Sec Letter XI. page 93.

Just below the bridge the river Shenandoah flows into the Potomac at right angles, after a course of about one hundred and forty miles, in a direction N. E. by N. parallel to, and near the western foot of the Blue Ridge. Directly after the junction, the Potomac enters the gap in the Blue Ridge, which may be considered as extending to the Point of Rocks, a distance of twelve miles. From Harper's Ferry to the Point of Rocks, the Rail Road runs close alongside of the canal, being separated by that from the river; and the scenery for the whole distance is various and beautiful, being composed of river, mountains, valleys, woods, islands, rocks and rapids, mingled in rich confusion.

In some places the pass is so narrow, that the space for the track has been cut from the mountain's adamantine base, and the train passes within a foot of a wall of perpendicular rock. The road from the Point of Rocks to Baltimore is not so smooth as it should be,

and so many little delays took place, that we did not reach that city until 8 P. M.



Capitol at Richmond.

APPENDIX.

IN Letter XVIII is mentioned a hot spring near the ancient Tiberias, on the western bank of the Lake of Genneserat, in Palestine. Ibrahim Pasha, who is an improver and civilizer, as well as a conquerer, has lately built a beautiful Saracenic building over that remarkable spring, of which the exterior is stone, and the interior is marble. In the central hall is a magnificent marble basin of great diameter, and five feet deep, which is filled by streams of hot water, poured from two marble lions seated on the brink.

This copious spring issues from the earth at the boiling point, and requires twenty-four hours cooling in the large marble basin before the Mahometan ladies can immerse their delicate persons in its chrystal wave. In the pleasant season, many families encamp in the neighbourhood of this delightful bath, and the ladies use it daily, surrounded by all the aids of eastern luxury and pomp. There are small baths in the building, for single bathers of the male sex.

The above information is derived from an

intelligent Englishman, who has passed some years in Egypt and Syria, and has lately delivered a course of highly interesting lectures on those countries, in Philadelphia.

CASES

Shewing the benefits arising from the use of the baths at the Hot Springs, in Bath County, Virginia.

A gentleman of Nashville, fifty years of age, who had been in bad health for ten years, having suffered from disordered stomach and bowels, paralysis of the bladder and want of circulation in the extremities, came to the Hot Springs in 1836, and spent five weeks there, bathing every day but three; two-thirds of his baths being boilers, and one-third being spouts. He spent two weeks at the White Sulphur Spring, drinking that excellent preparative for the Hot Baths.

After bathing for a week, he began to be sensibly benefitted, and felt better and better every day. The circulation was gradually restored to the extremities; the condition of the stomach and bowels was much improved; his appetite became good; he slept well, and after five weeks he left the Springs, restored

to almost perfect health. He drank three glasses of the water before breakfast, one in the bath, one in the blankets, and one after dressing.

A letter was received from him in the winter, stating that his health had greatly improved, and expressing great faith in the Hot Springs.

Hot Springs, 19th Sept. 1836.

Doctor Thomas Goode. Dear Sir:—At your request, I give you a history of my disease. In the year 1826, I was taken with a violent cold, which deprived me of the power of uttering a word above a whisper. The tonsils, epiglottis and end of the windpipe were considerably inflamed and swollen, especially in cold, damp weather.

In the year 1827, I visited the Red, Salt and White Sulphur Springs, which improved my general health. In 1828 I came to the Hot Springs, and took forty-two sweat baths in succession, and occasionally the Spout Bath, using at the same time Swaim's Panacea, as directed by him. My general health was greatly improved, and my voice so much strengthened as to enable me to converse in the ordinary tone of common conversation. I remained at the Hot Springs fifty-seven days

and gained twenty-two pounds in weight. Whilst bathing, I used no animal food at all.

Very respectfully yours,

W. F. of Fluvanna Co. Va.

April 1833, I was seized with Cholera in a southern climate, from which I had scarcely recovered, when intermittent fever attacked me. This continued at intervals until September, when congestive fever supervened, and continued with much violence for the space of nine days, and only subsided to give place to the intermittent again. From this time a morbid appetite began to prey upon me. The ague alternated with a severe dysentery until March, 1834. Oedematous swellings of the lower extremities made their appearance, but gave way to the use of alteratives and muriated tincture of iron. I became much emaciated and debilitated; my spleen became much enlarged; an excessively morbid condition of the stomach continued; an ungovernable craving for food of the grossest description, and other indigestible substances. In the meantime an uncontrollable diarrhœa, which has given me more uneasiness than every other symptom came on. During nearly three years, every article of diet swallowed, would ferment, produce the most distressing cardialgia, and run off from the bowels by profuse watery evacuations. The spleen in the left

side, and swelling of the stomach and intestines, was great and painful. The irritability of the alimentary canal was so great, that the smallest portions of calomel or blue-pill, combined with opiates, would produce an hypercatharsis, sometimes almost fatal; neither food nor medicine agreed with me. In this state of almost despair I visited the White Sulphur Springs, and finding that the water disagreed with me, inasmuch as it proved too drastic, I determined to visit the Hot Springs. For the first two weeks of using the bath, I was elated with the hope of speedy recovery. In a few hours after using the bath I had a bilious dejection, which had not occurred for eight months. In four days time my diarrhœa ceased, and my evacuations became almost healthy in complexion. I had been very much annoyed with hæmorrhoids for fifteen months, which was relieved by the Spout Bath in three days. The improvement in my complexion was so great, that the visitors would remark, "Why, Doctor, you will soon be well;" my spleen was reduced about one half, the abdominal muscles became relaxed and soft, my strength and activity were much improved, and every symptom seemed to give way to the use of the bath.

A. Y. W. M. D.

Tarboro', N. C. Sept. 10, 1833.

The following communication is made to Dr. Goode, the present proprietor of the Hot Springs in Virginia, to be published, if he thinks proper, for the benefit of the afflicted. For six or eight years prior to the winter of 1828, I was more or less afflicted with severe pains in my joints, elbows, shoulders and back; and about the 25th of December, 1828, I was completely prostrated with a severe attack of chronic rheumatism in almost every joint in my system, which rendered me entirely helpless. I could neither dress nor undress, turn myself in bed, nor assist myself in any way, for the space of six months. On the 4th of July following, for the first time, I ventured out of the house, and with the aid of a stick in each hand, I walked about two hundred yards. I continued very weak until the spring of 1830, when, as the warm weather set in, my pains abated a little. Shortly after, by the advice of my friends, I set out for the Hot Springs in Virginia, where I arrived early in July, and remained until some time in September, during which time I was in the Hot Bath forty-five times, and while under the operation of sweating, my pains returned to such a degree that I could not raise my head. Some of the visitors who had been there before, told me it was a sure sign I should get well, and so it turned out; for

after having left the Springs a few weeks, my pains gradually left me ; and, with the exception of a very slight attack in my left ankle last winter, I have been entirely free from pain since my return from the Springs in 1830 ; and am now at home in good health, following my usual business.

W. C.

Hot Springs, 29th August, 1833.

In the month of January, 1806, during my attendance on the Virginia Legislature, of which I was then a member, I was very sorely afflicted with an attack of inflammatory rheumatism ; and about the first of July, in the same year, after the disease had assumed a chronic state, I arrived at the Hot Springs in Virginia, much debilitated, requiring two persons to put me in and take me out of a carriage. I remained at the Springs sixty-three days, using the bath once every day except three. I was weighed the day I got to the Springs, and also on the day I left them ; and if I was correctly weighed, I gained sixty pounds in weight in sixty-three days, and remained free from that complaint for upwards of twenty years.

H. C. of Franklin county.

Hot Springs, 28th August, 1833.

In the month of December, 1827, I was attacked, as I supposed, with a severe toothache, and in a few days had the tooth extracted, but it afforded me no relief. In a day or two afterwards it was discovered that I had a bilious fever; my jaws swelled so as to threaten suffocation; one entire side of my jaw-bone burst as low down as the teeth went in, and the bone was extracted. The outer side of my jaw formed an abscess on the outside, from which several pieces of bone were extracted; this abscess connected itself with the other diseased side, so that when any liquid was injected in on the outside abscess, it came out on the opposite side in my mouth. I was then taken with severe pains in my back, which continued for several weeks; they then fell into my extremities and deprived me entirely of the use of them. The pain was so severe, that at one time it seemed like my feet were on red-hot iron, and at another, they felt as if they were pierced through with icicles. My shoulders, arms and hands were but little better; they swelled largely with but little mitigation of pain; my legs, ankles and feet had strong indications of dropsy; when pressed, would pet, and remain so for a length of time.

In this situation I was carried in July, 1828, to the Hot Springs, in Bath county, in

Virginia, as helpless as an infant, and commenced using the waters by being held under what is called the Spout Bath, which produced no change for the better. I was then put into what is called the boiler, and after using it about one week, my hands, though much contracted, began to have their natural feeling, and, in five weeks, my arms and shoulders were entirely well; my back, legs and feet did not mend so fast, but were much relieved. When I left the Spring, about September, I could set up and move my feet and legs about, but could neither stand nor walk; nor could I do so until the 1st of November, when I could move about on crutches. I continued to mend slowly until the next August, when I again visited the same Springs, and used the boiler for about a month, which restored me to almost perfect health. In the spring of 1831, I visited the states of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee, and was on horseback for near ten weeks, and frequently wet, without injury. In July, 1832, I was, when very hot, overtaken by a heavy fall of rain, and got very wet, which caused my former disease, with all its symptoms, to return partially upon me. I have now been at the Hot Springs using the boiler for about a month, and which has again almost entirely relieved me. I am a native of Bedford county, Vir-

ginia, where I now reside, and am forty-seven years of age.

B. P.

Hot Springs, 7th August, 1833.

Dr. Goode : Sir—The case of rheumatism which you desired the particulars of, was that of Mr. J—— C——, of Charleston, S. C. aged eighteen years. He had been severely afflicted for some time before he was put under my protection, which was on the 17th day of June, when we left Charleston for the Virginia Springs. We arrived at the White Sulphur on the 28th of June, and remained there until the 9th of July, taking from eight to ten tumblers of the water daily. On the 9th of July we reached the Hot Springs, and on the 10th he commenced with the baths, taking the Spout Bath one day and the Sweat Bath the next day, alternately, until the 22d of September. From the time Mr. C. left Charleston, until he arrived at the White Sulphur, he was as helpless as a child, unable to dress or undress himself, and was carried in arms or a chair, whenever it was necessary to remove him. Three or four days before he left the White Sulphur, he was able to hobble a short distance with the aid of a pair of crutches, and in two weeks after taking the baths at the Hot Springs, he could walk about *without* them. He arrived

in Charleston about the latter end of September ; during a heavy blow, assisted in furling the topsail of the schooner, in which he was a cabin passenger. I left Mr. C. in good health on the 6th of July last, on the wharf in Charleston, when I embarked on my present excursion.

I am, respectfully, your obedient servant,
J. L.

Philadelphia, 23d Feb. 1834.

In the year 1826 I contracted a very bad cold, by sitting for several months in a room, which had been recently plastered upon very thick walls. The cold at first fell upon my breast, and was attended with a cough. After some time, the cough subsided, and I was seized suddenly with a pain in the right arm. In a few days the pain became very violent ; it was seated principally in the shoulder blade, but extended likewise from the shoulder down to the points of the fingers. The best medical aid was resorted to, but there was no alleviation of the pain, not even for a minute. In this situation I got little or no sleep ; the agony was so much increased by lying in bed, that the only rest obtained was by lying with my clothes on, across the foot of the bed, with the affected arm hanging down. In this situation, exhausted nature would sink into a doze, out of which I was soon again

awakened by the pain. The arm dwindled away, my appetite faded, and my general health was fast declining. Reduced to this state, I determined to try the Hot Springs in Virginia. With difficulty I was taken there, and had no reason to repent of my determination. I took forty hot baths, using the blankets each time. At the end of two months I returned home, so much altered in appearance, that I was the object of astonishment to those who had seen me previous to my departure; and in another month I was perfectly restored to health. P. A. B.

To Dr. Goode, Hot Springs, Bath co. Va.

During the summer of 1827, I was attacked with violent pains in the region of the stomach and liver, proceeding, as was afterwards ascertained, from calculi in the biliary duct. At a succeeding period I discharged several of these calculi, which, together with other facts, clearly indicated the seat and nature of my disease. It was said by my physicians, that mine was a case in which there was great doubt of a final recovery, owing to the frequency and violence of the attack. Each attack was attended with the usual symptoms, and jaundice invariably supervened. I visited the White Sulphur Spring in August, 1828, and was much improved; so much so, as to suppose, at the time, that I was entirely relieved.

On my return home, however, the attacks returned with the same violence, but not so frequently. I revisited the White Sulphur Spring in 1829, with the same good effect as to my general health as in 1828. The disease still continuing, I visited the White Sulphur again in 1830, with the same result as to my general health; and after remaining there about three weeks, I went to the Hot Springs, and used for eight or ten days the Spout Bath, and have never had a similar attack since. I believe myself entirely free from the disease under which I then laboured, by close attention to my general health, the use of the water at the White Sulphur, and the Spout Bath at the Hot Springs.

J. L. W. Jr. of Brunswick county.

In December, 1835, Mr. T. of Philadelphia slightly fractured a muscle of his right-arm, just below the elbow. He continued to use the arm until February, 1836, when he contracted a rheumatism, which seized upon the injured part of the right-arm, which swelled to double its natural size, and became black, and almost as hard as bone. He took the best medical advice, and the usual remedies for rheumatism for the space of two months, and grew worse.

He suffered acute pain, and lost his rest at night, and almost despaired of ever recovering the use of his arm.

His general health was much injured by unremitting pain and loss of rest.

In May, 1836, he travelled through the Western States, and stopped at the Hot Springs on his return. His right arm was entirely useless. He took the Spout Bath daily for a week, and was enabled to resume the use of his arm, so as to dress without assistance, and became free from pain. He afterwards took the Spout and Sweat Baths alternately, one a day, for six weeks, and recovered with the most astonishing rapidity, gaining daily accessions of health and strength; and now, (March, 1837,) the use of his arm is entirely restored, and the swelling has almost disappeared. He drank five or six glasses of the water daily.

Col. W. C. of Franklin county, was affected with a functional derangement of the liver; loss of tone in the stomach and bowels; and had been obliged to resort to a daily injection for more than a year. His weight was reduced from 280 to 130 lbs. In August, 1834, he came to the Hot Springs and used the baths for six weeks, when he went away much improved in health. He returned again in October 1835, weighing 230 lbs.; his stomach and bowels having resumed their natural functions, and his usual health being restored.

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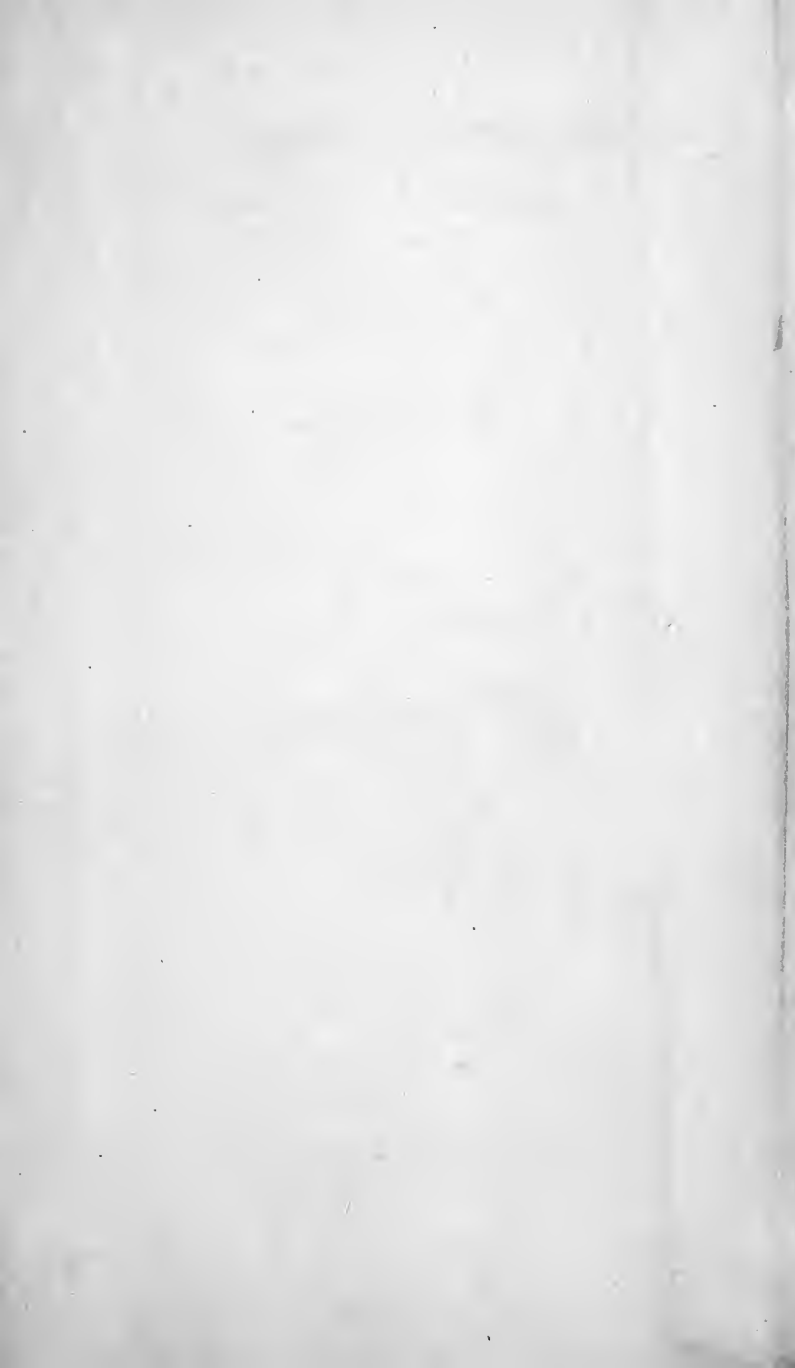
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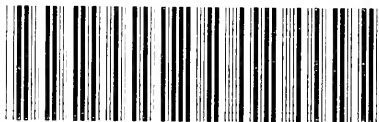
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